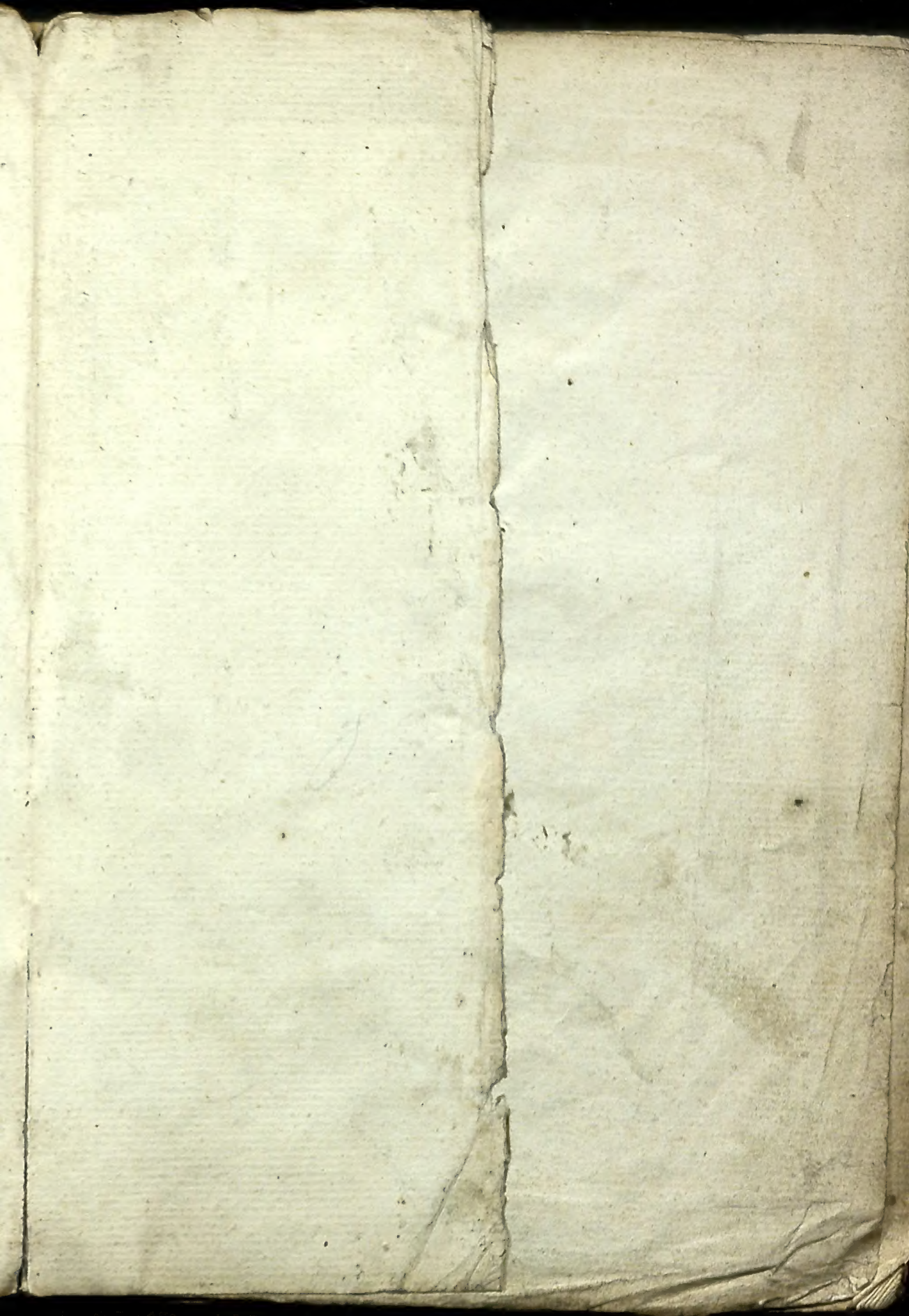


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WAGGELL HYMN





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THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE



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HYMN I

For the Morning

A__wake my Soul, and with the Sun, Thy dai_ly Stage of

Du_ty run: Shake off dull Sloth, and ear__ly rise, to

pay thy Morning Sa_cri__fice

2

Redeem thy mis-spent Moments past,
 And live this Day, as if 'twere last:
 Thy Talents to improve take care;
 For the great Day thy self prepare.

3

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the Noon-Day clear;
 For God's all-seeing Eye surveys,
 they secret Thoughts thy Works and ways

4

Wake, and lift up thy self my Heart,
 And with the Angels bear thy part;
 Who all Night long unwearied sing
 High Glory to th' eternal King.

5

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly Choir,
 May your Devotion me inspire:
 That I like you, my Age may spend,
 Like you, may on my God attend.

6

May I like you in God delight;
 Have all Day long my God in sight;
 Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
 Oh! may I never more do ill.

7

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
 I may of endless Life partake.

8

Lord, I my Vows to thee renew;
 Scatter my Sins as morning Dew;
 Guard my first spring of Thought and Will,
 And with thy self my Spirit fill.

9

Direct Controul Suggest this Day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,
 In thy sole Glory may unite.

10

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;
 Praise him, all Creatures here below;
 Praise him above angelic Hosts
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN II

The spacious Firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns a shining Frame, Their great Original proclaim.

2

Th' unweari'd Sun from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry Land,
The Work of an Almighty hand.

3

Soon as the evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,
And Nightly to the list'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her birth.

4

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tydings as they roll,
And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

5

What though in solemn Silence all,
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball?
What though not real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?

6

In reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever Singing as they fly,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

HYMN III

5

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care, His

Preference shall my Wants supply, And guard me with a watchful Eye: My

Noon Day Walks he shall attend And all my Midnight Hours defend

2

When in the sultry Clebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wandering Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
And the verdant Landscape flow.

3

Though in the paths of Death I tread;
With gloomy Horrors over-spread,
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

4

Though in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN IV

The Christian's Hope

When rising from the Bed of Death, O'er-whelm'd with Guilt and

Fear; I see my Maker, face to face; O how shall I appear!

2

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be sought,
My Heart with inward Horror thinks,
And trembles at the Thought.

3

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!

4

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament;
The timely Tribute of her Tear,
Shall endless Woe prevent.

5

Then see the Sorrow of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans
To give these Sorrows weight.

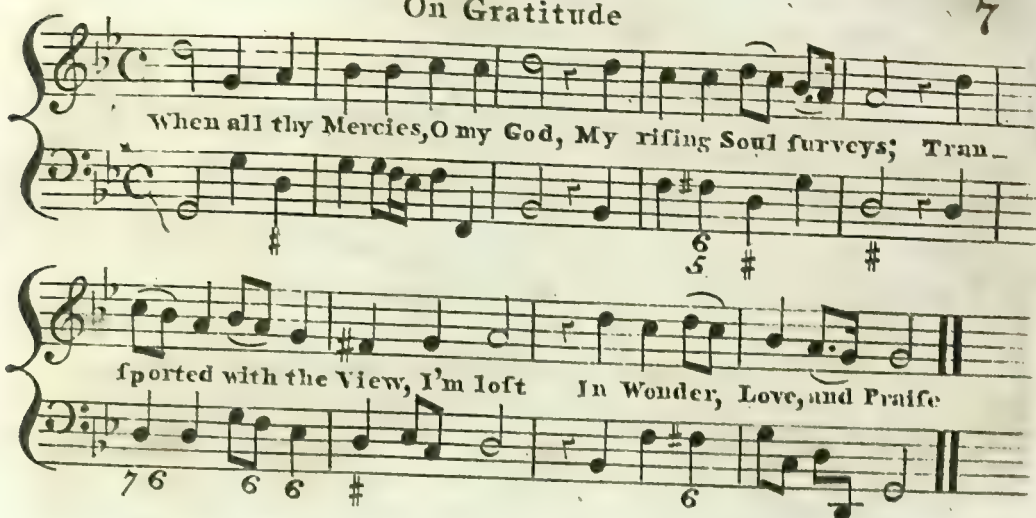
6

For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
To make her Pardon sure.

HYMN V

On Gratitude

7



2
O how shall words with equal warmth,
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd Heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3
Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.

4
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt,
To form themselves in Pray'r.

5
Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul,
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd,
From whence those Comforts flow'd.

6
Thro' hidden dangers toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7
When worn by sickness oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face:
And when in Sin and Sorrow thrunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

8
Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts,
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

9
Through ev'ry Period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after Death in distant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

10
When Nature fails and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

11
Through all Eternity to Thee,
A Joyful Song I'll raise;
For oh! Eternity's too short,
To utter all thy Praise.

HYMN VI

On the Excellence of the BIBLE

Great God, with Wonder and with Praise, On all thy Works I look

But still thy Wisdom Pow'r, and Grace, Shine brighter in thy Book.

2

The Stars that in their Courses roll,
Have much Instruction given;
But thy good Word informs my Soul
How I may fear to Heaven.

3

The Fields provide me Food and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But Fruits of Life and Glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

4

Here are my choicest Treasures hid,
Here my best Comfort lies;
Here my Desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my Hopes arise.

5

Lord, make me understand thy Law,
Shew what my Faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin.

6

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my Soul from Hell:
Not all the Books on Earth beside
Such heav'nly Wonders tell.

7

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh Delight,
By Day to read these Wonders o'er,
And meditate by Night.

HYMN VII

On the Sabbath

9

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our Vows On this thy day, in this thy house Ac-

cept, as grateful Sacrifice, The Songs which from thy Servants rise

2

Thine early Sabbaths Lord we love,
But there's a nobler Rest above:
To that our lab'ring Souls aspire,
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

3

No more Fatigue no more Distress,
Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place:
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Resounding from immortal Tongues.

4

No rude alarms of raging Foes;
No cares to break the long Repose;
No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But Sacred, High, Eternal Noon.

5

O long expected Day begin:
Dawn on these realms of Woe and Sin:
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And sleep in Death to rest with God.

HYMN VIII

On the Sacrament

My God and is thy Table spread, And does thy Cup with love o'erflow

Thither be all thy Children led, And let them all thy sweetness know

2
Hail sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy He, who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heav'nly Food.

3
Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling Hearts display'd.
Was not for You the Victim slain.
Are You forbid the Children's bread.

4
O let thy Table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful Guests;
And may each Soul salvation see,
That here its sacred Pledges tastes.

5
Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd;
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend:
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The Pleasure or the Profit end.

6
Receive thy dying Churches Lord,
And bid our drooping Graces live,
And more than energy afford,
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

HYMN IX

On the Sacrament

11

And are we now brought near to God, Who once at distance stood, And

to effect this glorious Change, Did Jesus shed his Blood

2

Oh! for a Song of ardent Praise,
To bear our Souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming Love.

3

Draw us O Lord with quick'ning Grace,
And bring us yet more near;
Here we may see thy Glories shine
And taste thy Mercies here

4

Oh! may that love which spread thy board
Dispose us for the Feast;
May Faith behold a smiling God
Thro' Jesus' bleeding Breast.

5

Fir'd with the View, our Souls shall rise
In such a Scene as this,
And view the happy Moment near,
That shall compleat our Bliss.

HYMN X

On Christmas Day

High let us swell our tuneful Notes And join th'-- angelic

Throng For Angels no such Love have known T'awake a cheerful

Song T'awake a cheerful Song

2
Good will to finful Men is shewn,
And peace on Earth is giv'n;
For lo! th'incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from Heav'n.

3
Justice and Grace, with sweet Accord,
His rising Beams adorn;
Let Heav'n and Earth in Concert join,
Now such a Child is born.

4
Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest Worlds be paid;
His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,
And by our Lives display'd.

5
When shall we reach those blifsful Realms,
Where Christ exalted Reigns;
And learn of the celestial Choir,
Their own immortal Strains!

HYMN XI

For Easter

13

Worgan

Jesus Christ is ris'n to Day, Hal- le- lu- jah!

Our Triumphant Ho- ly- Day, Hal- le- lu- jah!

Who did once up- on the Cross; Hal- le- lu- jah!

Suf- fer'd to re- deem our loss. Hal- le- lu- jah.

(2)

Hymns of Praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King; Hallelujah!
 Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Hallelujah!
 Sinners to Redeem and Save. Hallelujah!

(3)

But the Pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah!
 Our Salvation hath procur'd; Hallelujah!
 Now above the Sky he's King, Hallelujah!
 Where the Angels ever Sing. Hallelujah!

HYMN XII

On the last Judgment

The Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day Shall the whole World in

Afhes lay, As DAVID and the SYBILS fay.

2

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge who would be kind,
Shall have few venial Faults to find.

3

The last loud Trumpets wond'rous found,
Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

4

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

5

Then shall with universal dread,
The sacred, mystic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

6

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

7

Oh! then what int'rest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have cause to quake!

8
Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted spring
Some comfortable Pity bring.

15

9
Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

10
Thou who for me did'st feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain!

11
Thou whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting Day.

12
Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep, accept my Tears.

13
Thou, who were mov'd with MARY'S grief,
And by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

14
Reject not my unworth Pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

15
Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Among thy chosen right-hand Race,
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.

16
From that insatiable Abyss,
Where Flames devour and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of bliss.

17
Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my End.

18
Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death:
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty Man a compassion find!

HYMN XIII

For Whitsunday

Creator Spirit by whose Aid, The Worlds foundations first were laid;

Come visit ev'ry pious Mind Come pour thy Joys on Human kind

2

From Sin and Sorrow fet us free,
And make thy Temples worthy thee:
Illumine our dull darken'd fight,
Thou Source of uncreated Light.

3

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
Come and thy sacred Unction bring,
To Sanctify us while we sing.

4

Plenteous of Grace descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold Energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose Pow'r does heav'n and earth command.

5

Proceeding Spirit our defence,
Who dost the gift of Tongues dispence;
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh inflame and fire our hearts!

6

Our frailties help our Vice controul;
Submit the Senses to the Soul;
Feeble alas! we are, and frail,
Let not the World or Flesh prevail!

7

Chace from our Minds th'infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of love bestow:
And lest our Feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the Way!

8

Make us eternal Truths receive,
And practice all that we believe:
Give us thy self, that we may see,
The Father and the Son by Thee!

9

Immortal Honours endless Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost Man's redemption died:

10

And equal Adoration be,
Creator Spirit paid to Thee:
"Come visit ev'ry pious Mind;-
"Come pour thy Joys on Human kind!

HYMN XIV

For a Fast Day *h*

17

Great God of Hosts attend our Pray'r And
make the British Isles thy Care; To thee we raise our suppliant
cries, When angry Nations round us rise

2

Fain would they tread our Glory down,
And in the Dust defile our Crown,
Deluge our Houses with our Blood,
And burn the Temples of our God.

3

But midst the Thunder of their Rage,
We thy Protection would engage,
O raise thy saving Arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.

4

May Britain as one Man be led,
To make the Lord her fear and dread,
Our Souls no other Fears shall know,
Tho' Earth were leagu'd with Hell below.

5
Give ear ye Countries from afar,
Ye proud associate Nations hear,
While fix'd on him who rules the Sky,
Our Hearts your threaten'd Ward be.

6

Ye People gird yourselves in vain,
Your scatter'd Force unite again,
Again shall all that Force be broke,
When God, with us, shall deal the Stroke.

7

Now he records our humble Tears,
With ardent Vows for future Years,
And destines for approaching Days,
Victorious shouts and songs of Praise.

8

Emanuel's land shall safe remain,
Bless'd with its Saviour's gentle reign,
Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease,
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

HYMN XV

For the Lord's Day

This is the Day, the Lord's own Day, A Day of Ho-ly Rest:

O teach our Souls to rest from Sin, That Rest will please Thee best,

This is the Day, the Day, O Lord, On which Thou didst a- rise;

For Sinners having made thy self A sinless Sa-cri-fice.

2

Thou, thou alone redeemed hast
 Our Souls from deadly thrall;
 With no less price than thine own Blood,
 The Purchase of us all.
 Hadst Thou not dy'd We had not liv'd,
 But dy'd eternally;
 We'll live to him who dy'd for us,
 And praise his Nam on high.

Thou Lord didst die and rise again,
 And didst ascend on high,
 That we poor Sinners lost and dead,
 Might live eternally.
 Thy Blood was shed instead of ours
 Thy Soul our Guilt did beare;
 Thou took'st our Sins gav'st us thy self;
 Thy Love's beyond compare.

4

Welcome and dear unto my Soul
 Is thy most Holy day:
 May I th'eternal Sabbath keep
 With God my Strength and stay!
 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
 Thy Footsteps Lord I trace:
 I joy to think this is the Way
 To see my Saviour's Face:

5

These are my preparation Days,
 And when my Soul is drest,
 These Sabbaths shall deliver me
 To mine eternal Rest.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All Glory be therefore;
 As in beginning was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

HYMN XVI

On the Passion

From whence these dire por-tends a-round, That Earth and

Heav'n a--maze, Where--fore do Earthquakes cleave the

Ground. Why hides the Sun his Rays?

2

Not thus did Sin's trembling head,
With sacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion spread
Of the descending God!

3

Thou Earth thy lowest centre shake;
With Jesu sympathize!
Thou Sun as Hell's deep gloom be black
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4

What tongue the Tortures can declare,
Of this vindictive Hour?
Wrath he alone had will to share,
As he alone had Pow'r!

5

See streaming from the fatal Tree,
His all atoning Blood!
In this the infinite--'Tis he!
My Saviour and my God!

6

For aye these pangs his Soul assail,
For aye the Death is borne!
My Sin gave sharpness to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

7

Let Sin no more my Soul enslave,
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's chain;
O save me whom thou canst not save,
Nor Bleed nor Die in vain!

HYMN XVII

21

On the New Year

God of my Life, thy constant Care With Blessings crownsthe

op'ning Year, This guilty Life dost thou pro-long, And

wake a--new mine annual Song.

2
How many precious Souls are fled
To the vast Regions of the Dead,
Since from this Day the changing Sun
Thro' his last yearly Period run.

3
We yet survive but who can fry,
Or thro' the Year or Month or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath;
"Thus far at least in league with Death,"

4
That breath is thine eternal God
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's abode
It holds its life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

5
To thee our Spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they smile secure from Fear,
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

6
Thy Children eager to be gone,
Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming Shore,
Where Years and Death are unknown.

HYMN XVIII

For Midnight

My God now I from Sleep a---wake, The sole Pos-

ses-sion of me take; From mid- night Terrors

me se- cure, And guard my Heart from Thoughts impure

Blest Angels, while we silent lie,
 You Hallelujah's sing on high:
 You joyfull Hymn the ever blest;
 Before the Throne, and never rest.

3

I with your Choir Celestial join,
 In off'ring up a Hymn divine:
 With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell;
 And bid the Night and World farewell.

4

My Soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, in thy Arms I will entrust:
 O make me thy peculiar Care,
 Some mansion for my Soul prepare.

5

Give me a Place at thy Saints feet,
 Or some fall'n Angel's vacant seat:
 I'll strive to Sing as loud as they,

Who in thy brighten'd

O may I always ready stand,
 With my Lamp burning in my hand:
 May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
 When e'er I hear the Bride-groom's Voice.

7

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
 Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:
 A boundless Ocean of bright beams,
 From thy all glorious God-head streams.

8

The Sun in its meridian height,
 Is very darkness in thy sight:
 My Soul O lighten and enflame,
 With thought and love of thy great Name.

9

Bless'd Jesus, thou, on Heav'n intent,
 Whole Night hast in devotion spent;
 But I, frail Creature soon am tir'd,
 And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

10

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow
 Of antedating Bliss below:
 In sacred Hymns and Heav'nly Love,
 Which will eternal be above.

11

Shine on me, Lord new life impart
 Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart:
 One ray of thy all quick'ning light,
 Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

12

Lord lest the Tempter me surprize,
 Watch over thine own sacrifice:
 All loose all idle Thoughts cast out,
 And make my very Dreams devout.

13

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below:
 Praise him above angelic Host:
 Praise Father Son and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XIX

Thanks to God

All glorious God what Hymns of Praise shall

our transported Voices raise: What flaming Love and Zeal is

due, While Heav'n stands open to our View.

2
Once we were fall'n, and oh how low!
Just on the brink of endless Woe,
Doom'd to the Heritage in Hell;
Where Sinners in deep darkness dwell.

3
But lo, a Ray of chearfull light,
Scatters the horrid Shade of Night:
Lo, what triumphant Grace is shewn,
To Souls improv'rish'd and undone!

4
Far far beyond these mortal Shores
A bright Inheritance is ours:
Where Saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy blifs - full State.

5
If ready drest for Heav'n we shine,
Thine are the Robes the Crown is thine:
May endless Years their course prolong,
With still the Praise of thy Song.

HYMN XX

Public Thanksgiving

25

Salvation doth to God be-long, His Pow'r and Grace shall be our

Song His hand hath dealt a deadly blow, And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2

Praise to the Lord, who bows his Ear,
Propitious to his People's Pray'r;
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well chosen Day.

3

O may thy Grace our Land engage,
Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage
The Tribute of its Love to bring
To Thee our Saviour and our King.

4

Our Temples guarded from the Flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;
And ev'ry peaceful private Home,
To Thee a Temple shall become.

5

Still be it our supreme Delight
To walk as in thy honour'd Sight:
Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear
To life's last Hour to persevere.

HYMN XXI

On The unknown World

Hark my gay Friend, that solemn Toll, Speaks
the depar- ture of a Soul: 'Tis gone, that's all, we know not
where, Or how th' un- body'd Soul does fare.

2
In that mysterious World none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To who a departed Souls return,
To take their doom to smile or mourn.

3
Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,
That unknown World we're haff'ning to,
God has lock'd up the mystic Page,
And curtain'd darkness round the Stage.

4
Wife Heav'n, to render search perplex't,
Has drawn 'twixt this World and the next
A dark impenetrable Screen,
All behind which is yet unseen!

5
We talk of Heav'n we talk of Hell;
But what they mean no Tongue can tell!
Heav'n is the Realm where Angels are,
And Hell the Chaos of despair.

6
But what these awful Words imply,
None of us know before we die!
Wether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding World on trust.

7
This Hour perhaps our Freind is well
The next, we hear his passing bell!
He dies! and then for aught we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

8
Thus launch'd from Life's ambiguous Shore
Ingulph'd in Death, appears no more;
Then, undirecte to repair
To distant Worlds, we know no not where.

Swift flies the Soul; perhaps tis gone
A thousand Leagues beyond the Sun;
Or twice ten Thousand more thrice told,
E're the forsaken Clay is cold.

10

And yet who knows, if Friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead may be so far remov'd?
Only this veil of Flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

11

Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say,
"They're out of hearing far away;"
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of Air.

12

And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live;
Though conscious whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know

13

As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their State;
To tell their Joys or Pains to none
That Man may live by Faith alone.

14

Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous Decrees;
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal.

15

It is enough that I believe,
Heav'n's brighter far than we conceive;
And they who make it all their care
To serve God here shall see him there!

16

But, oh! what Worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay,
How sudden the Surprise, how new!
Let it my God be happy too.

HYMN XXII

The Wifh

In vain the dusky Night retires, And fullen Shadows fly: In
vain the Morn with purple light, Adorns the Eastern Sky.

2

In vain the gaudy rising Sun,
The wide Horizon gilds;
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver Streams
And cheers the dewy Fields.

3

In vain dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning Breezes play;
In vain the Birds with cheerful Songs,
Salute the new-born Day.

4

In vain unless my Saviour's Face
These gloomy Clouds controul,
And dissipate the fullen Shades
That press my drooping Soul.

5

Oh! visit then thy Servant, Lord,
With Favour from on high,
Arise, my bright immortal Sun,
And, all these Shades will die.

6

Lord, when shall I behold thy Face,
All radiant and serene,
Without those envious dusky Clouds,
That make a Veil between.

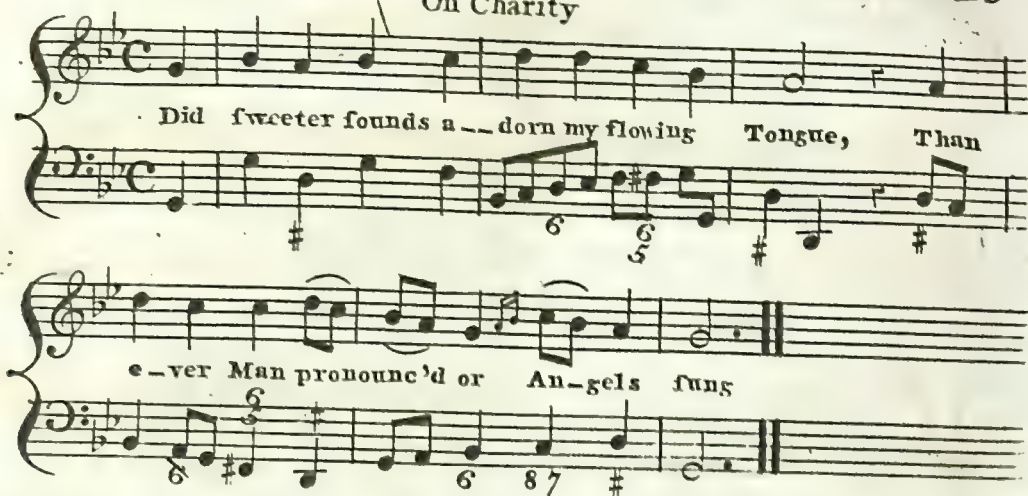
7

When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred Vision be,
When my impatient Soul shall make
A near approach to Thee.

HYMN XXIII

On Charity

29



Had I all knowledge human and divine, That thought can reach or science can define.	Knows with just reins, & gentle hand to guide, Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary Pride,
And had I power to give that knowledge birth In all the speeches of the babling Earth.	Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives, And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire To weary Tortures and rejoice in Fire.	Soft Peace she brings wherever she arrives She builds our quiet as she farms our lives.
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw, When Moses gave them miracles and law.	Lays the rough Paths of peevish nature even, And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.
Yet gracious Charity indulgent Guest, Were not thy Pow'r exerted in thy Breast.	Each other Gift which God on Man bestow, Its proper bound, and due reflection know.
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r, That scorn of life would be but wild despair.	To one fix'd purpose dedicates its Pow'r, And finishing its act, exists no more.
A Cymbal's sound where better than my Voice, My Faith were form my Eloquence were noise.	Thus in obedience to what Her v'n decrees, Knowledge shall fail & Prophecy shall cease.
Charity, Decent, Modest, Easy, Kind, Softens the high and rears y' abject Mind.	But lasting Charity's more ample sway, Not bound by time nor subject to decay.

In happy Triumph shall forever live,
and endless good diffuse and endless praise relieve.

HYMN XXIV

For the use of the Sick

My God, with grateful Heart I'll raise A daily Altar to thy Praise;

Thy friendly Hand my Course directs, Thy watchful Eye my Bed protects.

2
When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh,
Past Mercies teach me where to fly;
The same almighty Arm can aid
Now Sickness grieves and Pains invade.

3
To all the various help of Art,
Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart;
Bethsda's bath refus'd to save,
Unless an Angel blest'd the Wave.

4
All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee:
And not a Plant which spreads the Plains,
But teems with health when Heav'n ordains.

5
Clay and Siloam's Pool we find,
At Heav'n's command restor'd the Blind;
Hence Jordan's Waters once were seen,
To wash a Syrian Leper clean.

6
But grant me nobler Favours still
Grant me to know and do thy Will,
Purge my foul Soul from ev'ry Stain,
And save me from eternal Pain.

7
Can such a Wretch for Pardon sue!
My Crimes, my Crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling Tongue in Prayer
And pour the Horrors of despair.

8
But oh! regard my contrite Sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming Eyes;
To me thy boundless Love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

9
These lovely Names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures for Adam's race,
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.

10
When Vice hath shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious Guilt corrodes my Heart;
His Blood is all-sufficient found,
To draw the Shaft and heal the Wound.

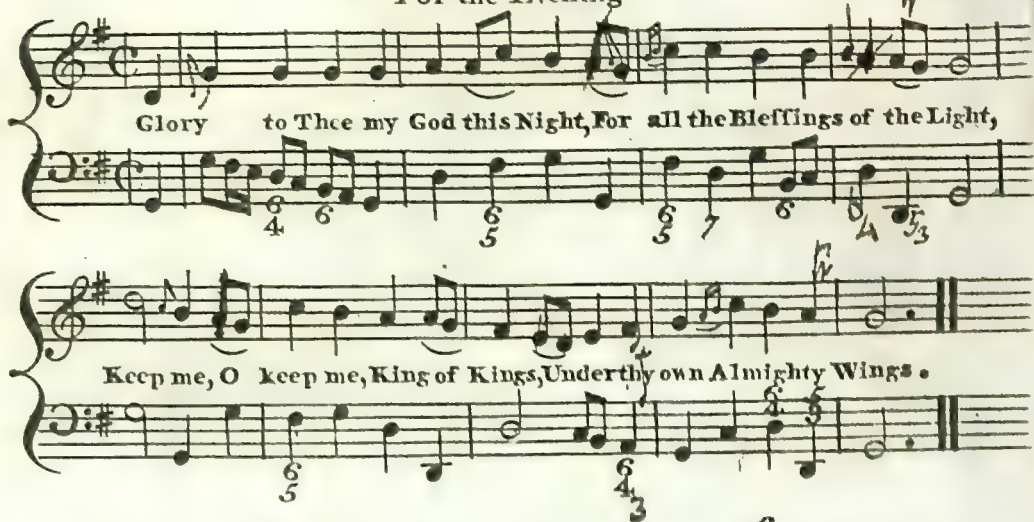
11
What Arrows pierce so deep as Sin
What Venom gives such Pain within?
Thou great Physician of the Soul,
Rebuke my Pangs and make me whole.

12
Oh! if I trust thy sov'reign Skill,
With deep submission to thy Will;
Sickness and Death shall both agree,
To bring me Lord at last to Thee.

HYMN XXV

For the Evening

31



2
 Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The Ills that I this Day have done;
 That with the World my-self and thee,
 I ere I sleep at Peace may be

3
 Teach me to live that I may dread,
 The Grave as little as my Bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may,
 With Joy behold the Judgment Day.

4
 O may my Soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet Sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep, that may me more active make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

5
 When restless in the Night I lie,
 My Soul with heavenly Thought supply;
 Let no ill Dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

6
 Let my blest Guardian while I Sleep,
 His watchful Station near me keep;
 My Heart with Love Celestial fill,
 And guard from the approach of Ill

7
 Lord let my Soul for ever share,
 The Bliss of thy Paternal care;
 'Tis heav'n on earth, tis heav'n above,
 To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

8
 Should Death itself my sleep invade,
 Why should I be of Death afraid,
 Protected by thy saving Arm,
 Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

9
 For Death is Life and Labour rest,
 If with thy gracious Presence blest;
 Then welcome Sleep, or Death to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with Thee.

10

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise him all Creatures here below:
 Praise him above angelic Host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ANTHEM I

Solo **Chorus**

Praif ye the Lord for, he is good For his Mercy endureth for

Solo **Cho:**

e--- ver. Give praise un- to the God of Gods, For his Mer-

Solo

- - cy en-du-reth for e--- ver. Give praise unto the Lord of Lords,

Cho: **Solo**

For his Mer-cy en-du-reth for e--- ver. Who only doth great

Cho:

wond'rous Works For his Mer-cy en-du-reth for e-ver.

ANTHEM II

33

Chorus.

Let us with a glad some Mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind

For his Mercies still en-dure, E-ver faithful e-ver sure.

Solo

Let us blaze his Name abroad, For of Gods he is the God

Slow

For his Mercies still endure, E-ver faithful e-ver sure.

Solo Who did the first Earth ordain,
To rise from the watry Plain.

Cho: For his Mercies &c.

Solo Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,
All the Day his Course to run.

Cho: For his Mercies &c.

Solo And the Moon to shine by Night,
Mid her spangled Sisters bright,

Cho: For his Mercies &c.

Solo He hath with a piteous Eye,
Seen us in our Misery.

Da Capo

Tune, to the 1st PSALM.

The Man is blest that hath not lent, To wicked Men his Ear;

Nor led his Life as Sinners do, Nor sat in Scorners's chair

Tune, to the 8th or 23^d PSALM.

O God our Lord how wonderful Are thy Works ev'ry where!

Thy Fame surmounts in Dignity, The highest Heav'ns that are.

Tune, to the 18th PSALM

O God my Strength and Fortitude, Of force I must love Thee!

Thou art my Castle and defence In my ne-ces-si-ty.

Tune. to the 104th PSALM.

35

My Soul praise the Lord Speak good of his Name, O Lord our great

God, how dost thou ap-pear! So passing in Glory that great is thy

Fame: Honour and Majesty in Thee shine most clear.

Tune. to the 51st PSALM

O Lord con-si-der my distress, And now with speed some

Pi-ty take! My Sins for-give, my Faults re-dress Good

Lord, for thy great Mercies sake.

Tune, to the 121st PSALM.

I lift my Eyes to Sion hill, From whence I do attend, Till succour

God me fend, The mighty God me succour will, Which Heav'n and

Earth and Earth did frame, And all things all things therein name.

Tune, to the 112th & 127th PSALM.

The Man is blest that God doth fear, And that his law doth love indeed

His seed on Earth God will up-rear, And blest such as from him proceed,

His House with riches he will fill, His Righteousness endure shall still.

Andante
Chorus

THE ODE

37

Grateful Notes and numbers bring while Jehovah's praise we sing

Holy Holy Holy Lord be thy glorious Name ador'd

Semi Chorus
1st Gallery

2d Gallery

Men on Earth and Saints above, Men on Earth and Saints above,

Sing the great Redeemer's love sing the great Redeemer's love sing the great Re-

- dceemer's love Lord thy mercies never fail Lord thy mercies never fail, Hail

Hail Celestial Goodness Hail, Hail, Hail, Celestial Goodness Hail.

Minuetto

Tho' un-wor- - thy, Lord thine Ear, our hum - - - ble

6 6 # 4 6 5 6 5

Halle-lu-jahs hear, Purer Praise we hope to

6 # 6 # 4 6 6

Cho.

bring when with Saints we stand and sing.

6 5 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 5

Siciliana

Lead us to that bliss-full State where thou reign'st su-

4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 3

-premely great look with Pity from thy Throne & fend thy

6 5 6 6 # 6

Ho - - ly Spirit down while on Earth ordain'd to stay

6 6 6 4 # 6 6 6 7 4 5

guide our Footsteps in thy Way 'till we come to reign with

6 6 # 6 6 4 # 7 6 # 5

Chor: Vivace

Thee and all thy glorious Greatness see Then with Angels

6 6 6 7 5 4 3 6 6

2^d Gall.

Chor.

we'll a - - gain wake a louder louder Strain wake a louder

6 7 6 6 # 6 5 6 5

1st Gall.

louder Strain There in joyfull Songs of Praise we'll our gratefull

7 8 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4

2^d Gall:

Voices raise there in joyfull Songs of Praise we'll our gratefull Voices

Semi Cho: 1st Gall:

raise there no Tongue shall silent be there all shall join sweet harmo-

-ny that thro' Heav'ns all spacious round thy Praise O God may ever sound.

Full Chorus

Lord thy mercies never fail Lord thy mercies never fail Hail, hail Ce--

-lestial Goodness Hail! Hail! Hail! Ce-lestial Goodness Hail!

These Words go to the
Eleventh Hymn Tune

HYMN XXVI

On Thanksgiving

1

Glory be to God our King Hal: &c.
Thine eternal love we sing:
Thou hast barr'd thine Arm divine,
Wrought Salvation: made us thine Hal:

2

Wand'ring Sheep, how far from home,
Sore bewilder'd, did we roam.
Till the gracious Shepherd came
Sought and Sav'd: O praise his name.

3

Death no more we dread thy Sting;
Sin subdu'd we joyful sing:
Grave, thy Terrors we defy
We shall live; for Christ did die.

4

Fir'd with Gratitude we raise
All our Souls to found thy Praise;
Touch each Heart, each Tongue inspire,
Sing we higher still and higher.

5

Down to deepest Hell deprest,
Jesu rescu'd, rais'd, and blest;
Open'd Mercy's golden Gate,
Mercy, here who holds her seat.

6

Happy Mansion — ev'ry Voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each Voice united sound,
Be the Walls with gladness crown'd.

7

Blessings, Lord, profusely shed,
On each Hand, each Heart, each Head;
Who, with gen'rous Pity join,
In the great, the good Design.

8

Elevate our Souls to thee;
Thou our Guide and Guardian be;
Worthy, worthy may we prove,
Lord of such distinguish'd Love.

9

Blessing, thankful all our Days
May we Pray, Rejoice and Praise;
Till the glorious Trump shall sound,
And our raptur'd hearts rebound. Hal:

These Words go to the 41
Second Hymn Tune

HYMN XXVII

Against Lewdness.

1

Why should you let your wand'ring eyes,
Entice your Souls to shameful Sin!
Scandal and Ruin are the Prize
You take such fatal Pains to win.

2

This brutal Vice makes reason blind,
And blots the Name with hateful stains;
It wastes the Flesh, pollutes the Mind
And tears the Heart with racking Pains.

3

Let DAVID speak with heavy Groans,
How it estrang'd his Soul from God;
Made him complain of ceaseless mouns,
And fill'd his house with Wars and Blood.

4

Let Solomon and Samson tell,
Their melancholly Stories here;
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When Sins vile Pleasures cost them dear.

5

In vain you chuse the darkest Time,
Nor let the Sun behold the Sight;
In vain you hope to hide your crime,
Behind the Curtains of the Night.

6

The wakeful Stars and midnight Moon
Watch your foul deeds & know your shame
And Gods own Eye, like beams of Noon
Strikes thro' the shade and marks your name.

7

What will ye do when Heav'n enquires
Into those Scenes of secret Sin?
And lust with all its guilty Fires,
Shall make your Conscience rage within.

8

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When Death, with horrible surprize,
Shews you the Pit of quenchless Flame.

9

Flee Sinners flee th' unlawful Bed,
Lest Vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark Regions of the Dead,
To feed the fiercest Fire in Hell.

HYMN XXVIII. Of praise.

Andante

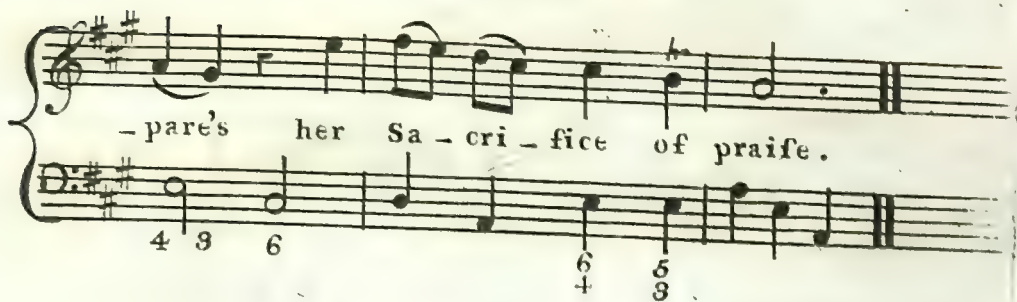
On thee, each Morning

O my God, my waking thoughts at-tend; In

whom are founded all my hopes In whom my wish-es

end: My Soul in pleasing wonder-lost, Thy

boundless love furveys, and fir'd with grateful Zeal pre-



2

Thou lead'st me thro' the maze of Sleep,
 And bring'st me safe to light,
 And with the same paternal Care,
 Conduct'st my steps till Night,
 When Ev'ning slumbers press my Eyes,
 With thy protection blest,
 In peace and safety I commit,
 My wearied Limbs to rest.

3

My Spirit in thy Hands secure,
 Fears no approaching ill,
 For whether waking or asleep,
 Thou Lord art with me still,
 What fit return canst thou my Soul,
 Make to Almighty pow'r
 For so much goodness, so much love,
 Such Mercies every Hour.

4

I'll daily to th'astonish'd World,
 His wond'rous Acts proclaim,
 Acts that will move each grateful Heart,
 With me to bless his Name,
 At Morn and Noon and Night will I
 The growing Work pursue,
 And him alone will praise, to whom
 Our praise alone is due.

Andante

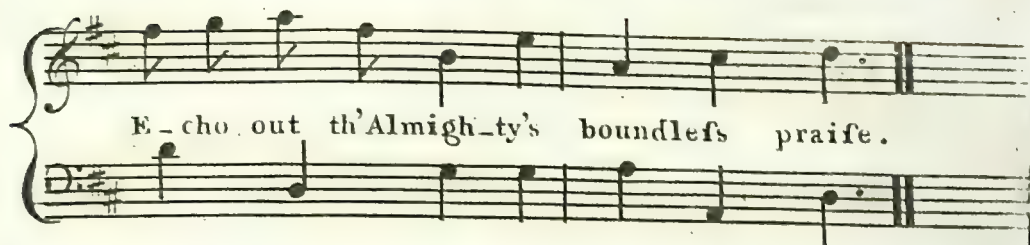
A - wake, A - - wake my

silent Lyre, begin thy most exal - ted lays; Sy

Let Music ev'ry pow'r conspire, to

E - cho, to E - cho out th'Almigh - ty's boundless

praise. to E - cho out to E - cho out to



2

Hence all the transitory joys,
 Banish for ever from my sight,
 Begone ye glittering gilded toys,
 And sink deep down in shades of endless Night.

3

Deluded ah! too much by you,
 I've sought your faithless Charms too long,
 But now a loftier Theme pursue,
 The Lord, the Lord of Host employs my song.

4

My Soul grows tired of all below,
 And glows with a celestial flame,
 Weary of Earth it longs to go,
 And visit those bright Orbs from whence it came.

5

There shall it ever tell thy Fame,
 And sing a joyful Jubilee,
 There meditate upon thy Name,
 And spend eternity in praising thee.

HYMN XXX.

For the Morning.

Andantino

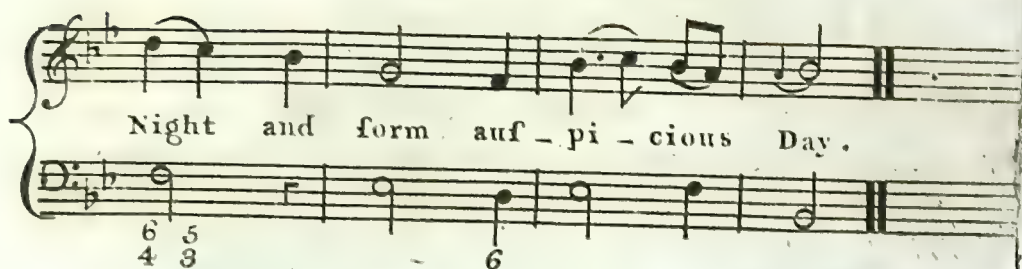
Whilst from the East the

ra - diant Sun his ra - pid course be -

- gins to run, and to the Earth convey;

Sy Con - ge - nial rays of

heat and light that dif - fi - pate the shades of



Night and form auf - pi - cious Day.

2
Exulting from my Bed I rise,
Where balmy Slumbers clo'd mine Eyes,
And eas'd my pensive Breast,
Tho' Fancy still capricious Maid,
Thro' scenes of joy or terror stray'd,
By Reason now suppress'd.

3
To thee I lift my grateful Heart,
Whose Sov'reign care and wond'rous Art,
Omniscient God and King,
Extend o'er Nature's vast domain,
And shew thy just benignant Reign,
From whom all blessings spring.

4
Inform'd each Day with notions just,
Thy guardian Providence I'll trust,
Since its indulgent plan
Has made each part with skill divine,
Subserviant to thy main design,
The happiness of Man.

5
With joy and rapture contemplate,
The ties and duties of each state,
Whence justice truth and right,
Support the social intercourse,
And raise the Soul to thee the source,
Of pleasure and delight.

HYMN XXXI.

On Death.

Largo

Great God thy en-er-gy impart, and

6 5 6

write this leffon on my Heart, rouse ev'ry

6 #

solemn thought that I may ponder what it is to

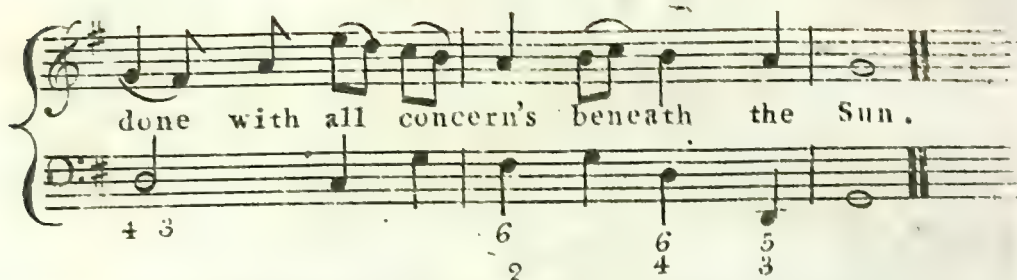
6 6 5 4 5 6 6 6 6 5 4 #3

Die, to Die and quit this House of clay, and

4 2 6 6 6

unembod'y'd pass a-way from all things mortal and have

6 # 6 6 5



When all my Days shall be fulfill'd,
 My character and state be seal'd,
 My naked Spirit borne to God,
 And sentenc'd to it's long abode,
 My change is sure and may be soon,
 Each hast'ning Minute leads it on,
 The shafts of Death around me fly,
 And every Day I live, I Die.

3

This this my state to Die I'd learn,
 And make it every Days concern,
 Then let which will be last, this may,
 I'm not unpractis'd in the way,
 O may I daily live above,
 This Flesh, this World, and wean my love,
 And every Day abstract my cares,
 From Mortals and their mean affairs.

4

Spend every Day as if 'twere last,
 And time redeem e'er time is past,
 And all it's precious portions o'er,
 Redeemable alas!—no more,
 Examine oft the state I'm in,
 Whether a state of Grace or Sin,
 If CHRIST has mark'd me for his own,
 He'll meet me at his Fathers Throne.

6

Rejoice my Soul in such a stay,
 Jesus the life, the truth, the way,
 And trace the Footsteps of thy Head,
 Up where thy Heavenly hopes are laid,
 He'll guide me to my dying Day,
 And guide it with a cheerful ray,
 And to my Soul a Mansion give,
 Where bright Immortals ever live.

Andante

Almighty God whose Heav'nly

power all things on Earth o - - bey, thou

do'st up - - on us bleffings shew'r, thy

good - - ness crown's each Day; To

thee we owe all we pos - - sess, 'Twas

God that made the whole, his

lib' - ral Hand doth feed and blefs, and

glad - - den ev' - - ry Soul.

2

Teach me to hate what e'er's amiss,
 And make me love thy truth,
 Then shall I think my greatest Bliss,
 To praise thee from my Youth.

3

O mark my Steps from Vices free,
 Then grateful Death will come,
 And my transported Soul shall flee,
 To it's eternal Home.

HYMN XXXIII.

Ode to Morning.

Vivace

At - - tend my Soul the

6

ear - ly Birds in - spire, my groveling

8 6

thoughts with pure ce - - lef - - tial

6 7 #

Fire, they from their tem - prate

6

Sleep a - - wake - - , and pay their

6 5

thank - - - ful An - - thems their

thank - - - ful An - - thems for the

new born Day .

2

See how the tuneful Lark is mounted high,
 And Poet like, salutes the Eastern Sky,
 He Warbles thro' the fragrant Air his lays,
 And seems the beauties of the Morn to Praise.

3

But Man more void of Gratitude awakes,
 And gives no thanks for the sweet rest he takes,
 Looks on the glorious Sun's new kindled Flame,
 Without one thought of him from whom it came.

Moderato

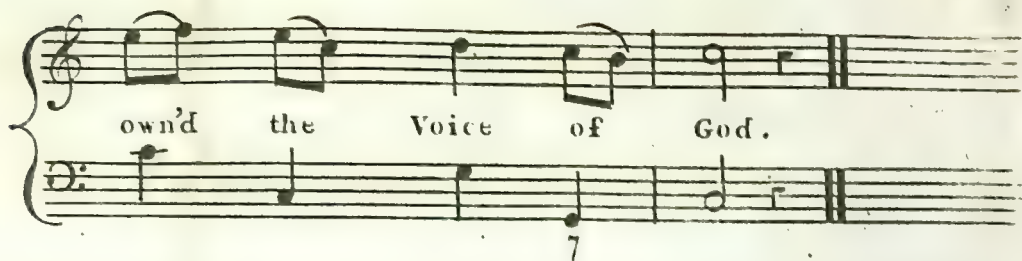
A - rise my Soul, and in har -

monious lay's proclaim thy glo - - rious

Gods immor - tal praise When robd in light as

in the Clouds he rode, All

trembling Nature, all trembling Nature



2

With sov'reign Pow'r and awful Justice join'd,
 Lo where he comes borne by the wings of Wind,
 Heav'n like a Curtain shades his radiant Head,
 And his Throne beams are in the Waters laid.

3

His flaming Ministers around him wait,
 Perform his will, for what he wills is fate,
 Fix'd at his Word behold the beautiful Earth,
 And Creatures by his Will sprang forth to Birth.

4

From the high Hills imprison'd Waters flow,
 Whose gentle Waves enrich the Plains below,
 Fruit and sweet springing Grass the Valley yields,
 And flow'ry Herbs adorn the verdant Fields.

5

The Beasts and Fowls his Providence supplies,
 Nor ought that's needful to their Life denies,
 The warbling Birds the cedar Trees among,
 Hail the Creator in their tuneful Song.

6

All gracious God since by thy Pow'r I live,
 The humble tribute of my Praise receive,
 What time of Life thy bounty gives to me,
 Those future Days I'll consecrate to Thee.

HYMN XXXV.

Ode to Pitty.

Andante

Sweet pow'r that lov'st the

6

lone re - cess, Where Vir - tue fad' - ning

6 5 5 6 6 6

with dis - tress, still drops the silent Tear.

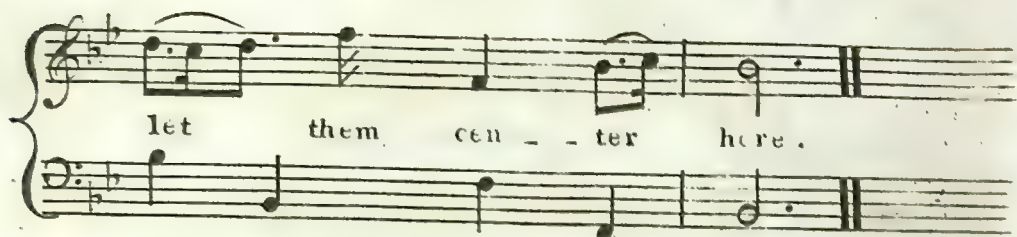
6 5 6 4 5 3

Be - nig - nant in my yeilding Breast, may

6 6 6

all thy soft af - fec - tions rest, Oh!

6 7 6 6 5 6



2

By all thy gentlest Sons have felt,
 Oh let my Bosom ever melt,
 In luxury of Woe,
 And as the warm emotions rise,
 Let streams of Sorrow shade my Eyes,
 And unrestricted flow.

3

From thee into the human Soul,
 The amiable Passions stole,
 That soften and improve,
 Hence Friendship to the feeling Heart,
 Did first her social Warmth impart,
 And soon 'twas generous love.

4

Oh! thou all powerful to- assuage,
 The furious storm's of frantick rage,
 That tare the wounded Soul,
 At thy approach they swell no more,
 The still Waves sleep upon the Shore,
 Nor madden as they roll.

5

Ye happy few on whom the Day,
 Shines with a bright unclouded ray,
 Let tender Pitty find,
 That she can stain with Tears your Eyes,
 And still with Mis'ry's moving cries,
 Can melt the softning Mind.

HYMN XXXVI. Of Thanksgiving.

Andante

Great God thy boun - ties

large and free, thro' va - - rious Chan - - nels

flow, In just pro - - por - - tion and de -

- gree, con - vey'd to all - - be - - low.

(cho.)

Give thanks to God, give thanks to God, give

thanks to God who Reigns a_bove, The God of praise is

thanks to God who Reigns a_bove, The God of praise is

7 6

God of Love, the God of praise is God of Love.

God of Love, the God of praise is God of Love.

6 6 5
4 3

2

His Wisdom forms us in the Womb,
 His care the Infant rears,
 From him the pow'rs of Manhood came,
 He props declining Years.
 Cho^s. Give thanks. &c.

3

When Nature fails diseases prefs,
 This Mortal fabrick down,
 He then receives the Soul to blefs,
 With an Immortal Crown,
 Cho^s. Give thanks. &c.

HYMN XXXVII.

Grazioso

Soon as the Morn fa-lutes your
Eyes; And from sweet Sleep re-fresht you
Rife: Think on the Author of the light;
And praise him for that glo-rious Sight:
His Mercy in-fi-nite a-dore; His

Good - ness in - fi - nite im - plore .

His Mer - cy in - fi - nite a - - - dore; His

Good - ness in - fi - nite im - plore .

2

At Noon, of what you then partake,
 An offering of Thanksgiving make;
 And, of the Creatures for your use,
 Be not luxuriously profuse:
 For Temp'rance, when with Prudence join'd,
 Brings Health of Body, Peace of Mind.

3

Take not at Night the least Repose,
 E'er you to Heav'n your Soul disclose;
 Consider how you've spent the Day,
 And for divine Protection pray:
 For you no Blessing can expect,
 If you to ask it should neglect.

For Evening.

Moderato

The Night a-gain succeeds the Day, De-

-part not thou great God a-way, Let not my Sins black

as the Night, Eclipse the lustre of thy Light.

2

Sleep is a Death O make me try,
 By Sleeping what it is to Die,
 And while I rest my Soul advance,
 O make my Sleep a holy Trance.

3

How e'er I rest great God let me,
 Awake again at least with thee,
 And thus assur'd behold I lie,
 Indifferent or to Wake or Die.

4

These are my drowsy Days in vain,
 I now do Wake to Sleep again,
 O come that Hour when I shall never,
 Sleep again but Wake for ever.

Duet. For Christmas. by M^r. Avison.

Glory to God on high, Glory to God on high, Peace

Glory to God on high,

7 7 6 5 4 3

Earth, Peace on Earth, good will, good will towards Mankind.

Peace on Earth, good will, good will towards Mankind.

7 6 5 4 3

Glory to God on high, Glory to God on high, Peace

Glory to God on high,

7 4 3 7 6 5 4 3

Earth, Peace on Earth, goodwill goodwill towards Man-kind.

Peace on Earth, goodwill goodwill towards Man-kind.

7 6 5 4 3

God, to God - on high, Glory to God, to
 God, to God - on high, Glory to God, to

God - on high, Peace on Earth, Peace on Earth

God - on high,

D:

6 # 6

Earth, good will, good will towards Man-kind. Glory to

Glory to

God on high, Glory to God on high,
 God on high, Glory to God on high,

6 5
4 3

6 5
4 3

Peace on Earth, Peace on Earth, good will, good will to-
 Peace on Earth, Peace on Earth, good will, good will to-

6 5

-wards Man - kind. Peace on Earth, Peace on
 -wards Man - kind. Peace on Earth, Peace on

6 5
4 3

Earth, good will, good will to-wards Man - - kind.
 Earth, good will, good will to-wards Man - - kind.

6 5
4 3

HYMN XL.

Andante

5 6
3 4

6

6 5
4 3

Great God of

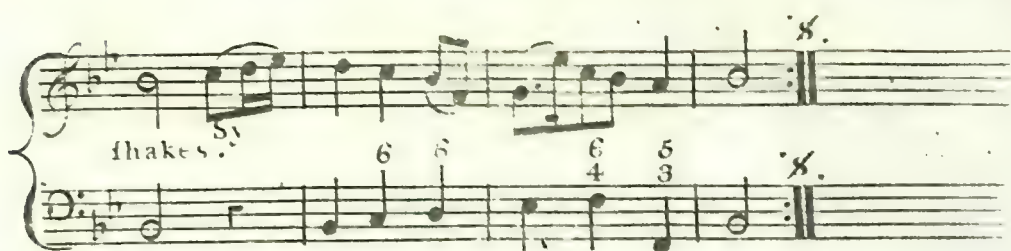
6

Wonders take the Vow Thy humblest

Ser - vant makes Who feels thy Pow'r when

6 6
 5

forms a - - rise And when the Whirl - wind



Who knows and owns that Sovereign Power,
 While Tempests rage around;
 Who sees thee in the Lightning's Blaze,
 Hears in the Thunder's sound.

3
 Protect him in the direful Night,
 When Hundreds drop to Death;
 Spare thy best Blessing, spare the fight,
 Nor snatch the fleeting Breath.

4
 O spare his tenderer, better Parts,
 The Wife, the Children save;
 Nor pierce their unoffending Hearts
 Deep with the vivid Wave.

5
 So shall they live to sing thy Praise,
 And bless the bounteous Hand
 Which turn'd the Lightning's keenest rays,
 And bad the Thunder stand.

6
 Immortal Power! to thee we owe
 Protection from the Grave;
 And, like thy Addison, we know
 "Thou art not flow to save."

HYMN XLI: On the new Year.

Duet

Largo

Great God - - to Thee what
 gra - ti - tude I owe, The source of
 all - that I en - - joy be - low, Past
 Blf - - fings not thy gra - cious care suf -

6 6 4 3
 6 4 5 3 6 6 4
 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3
 6 4 6 4 6 4

- fice, New Mer - - - cies still with

- fice, New Mer - - - cies still with

6 5 6

each new Mo - - - ment rise.

each new Mo - - - ment rise.

6 7

2

With the old Year, may the old Man be gone,

And, with the new, may I the new put on,

Oh to supply new time, new Grace be thine,

New Heart, new Spirit, and new Life be mine.

HYMN XLII.

Duet.

Moderato

Judge me - - O Lord for

Judge me - - O Lord for

6

thou - - can fee I've walk'd in

thou - - can fee I've walk'd in

6 6 4 3 6

In - no - - cence My trust - hath al - - fo

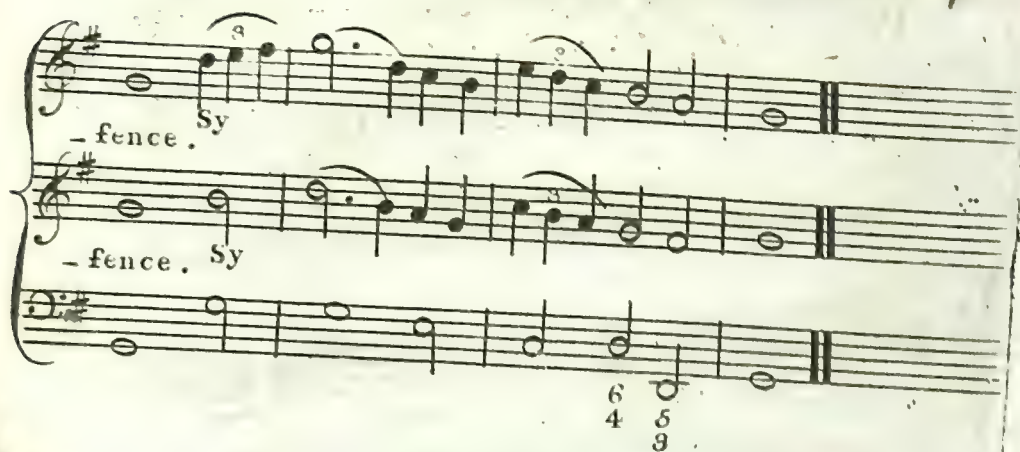
In - no - - cence My trust - hath al - - fo

6

been - - in Thee my hope and sure de -

been - - in Thee my hope and sure de -

6 5 4 1 6



2

Examine me O Lord and prove,
 Try out my reins and Heart,
 My Eyes are open to thy Love,
 From Truth I'll not depart.

3

With Persons vain I have not dwelt,
 Deceitful Men abhord,
 I have not with the Wicked set,
 Nor with th'ungodly Lord.

4

In Innocence I'll wash my Hands,
 And to thy Altar speed,
 To give thee thanks and praise thy Name,
 Who art a God indeed.

5

And there with thankful Voice proclaim,
 Thy great and wondrous Deeds,
 And meditate on Goodness great,
 From whence such Love proceeds.

HYMN XLIII

73

Andantino

Far a-bove yon glorious ceiling, of the a - - - sure
vaulted sky. Je - sus fits, his grace re -
vealing to the splendid troops on high - - to the
splendid troops on high.

2
Hosts seraphic, humbly bowing,
At his footstool prostrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Christ their All in All.

3
Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heav'n below;
And see Jesu's glory beaming.
How our souls would long to go.

Unknown

74 HYMN XLIV

The reclaimed Prostitute

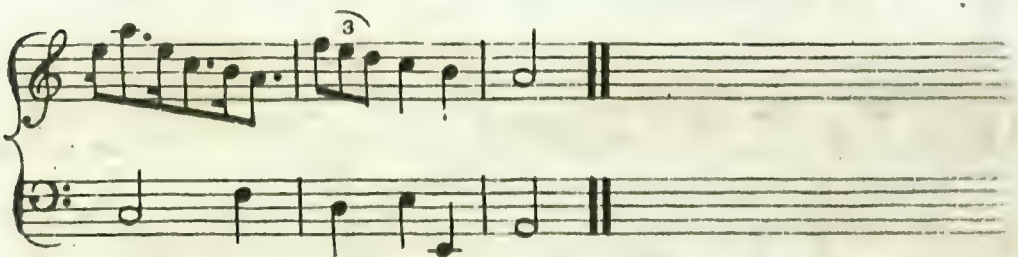
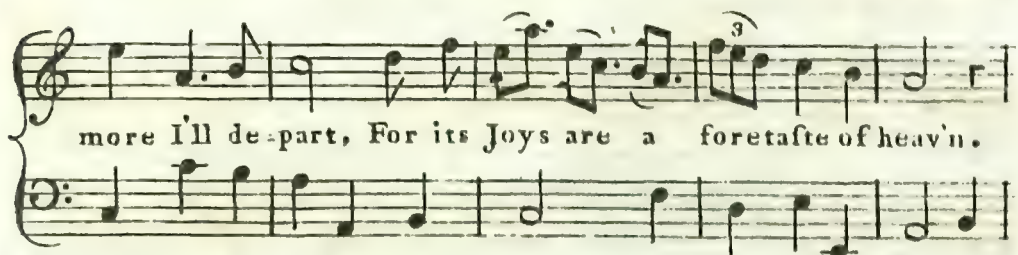
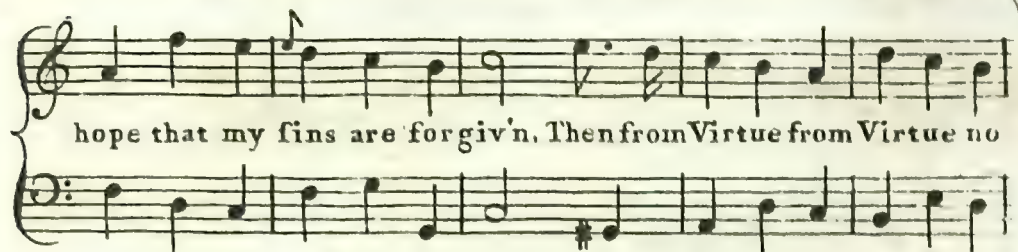
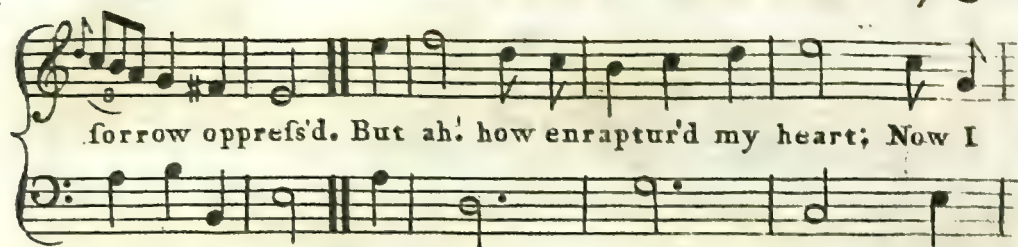
Words by P. P.

When a life of po-

-lution I led, Balmy peace had for-faken my breast; Ev'ry

hope, with each comfort was fled, And my mind was with

Arne

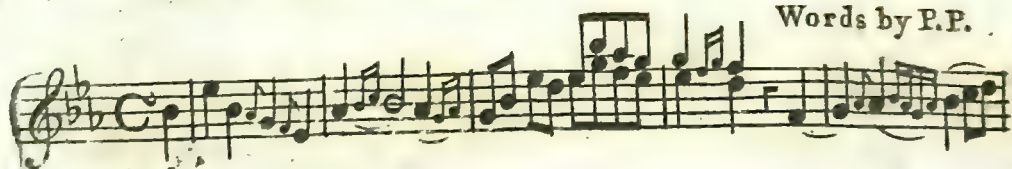


2

What are all the false pleasures of sense,
 When compar'd with the bliss I enjoy;
 For the Lord is my rock of defence,
 And my happiness none can destroy:
 In songs of Thanksgiving I'll Sing,
 Of his wonderful mercy and Love;
 For in praising my Saviour and King,
 I partake of the pleasures above.

76 HYMN XLV

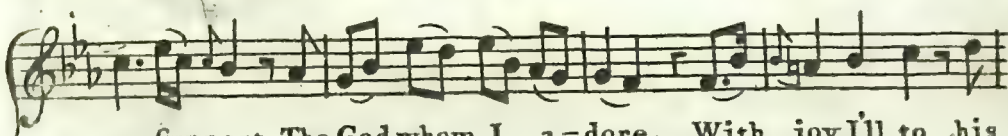
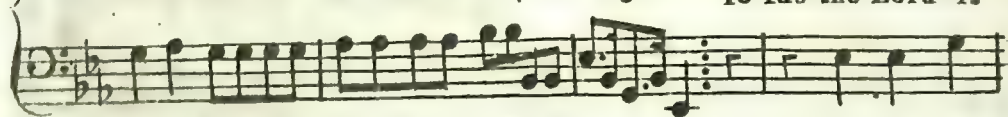
Words by P.P.



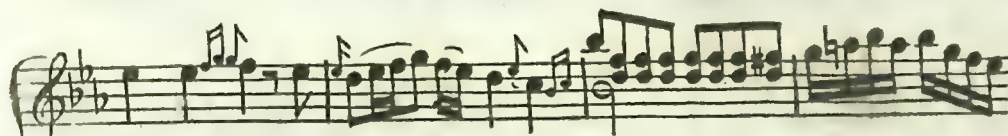
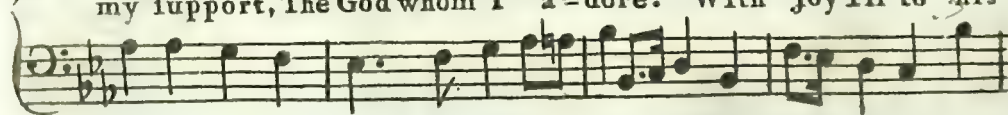
Andante



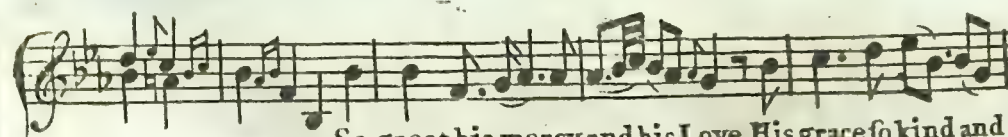
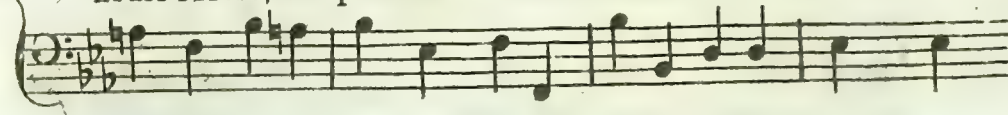
Je-sus the Lord is



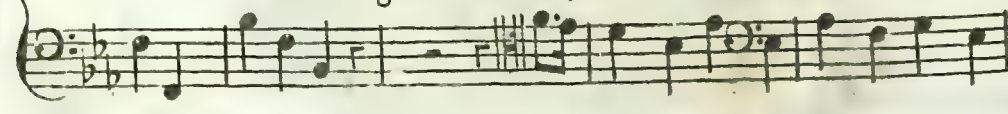
my support, The God whom I a-dore. With joy I'll to his



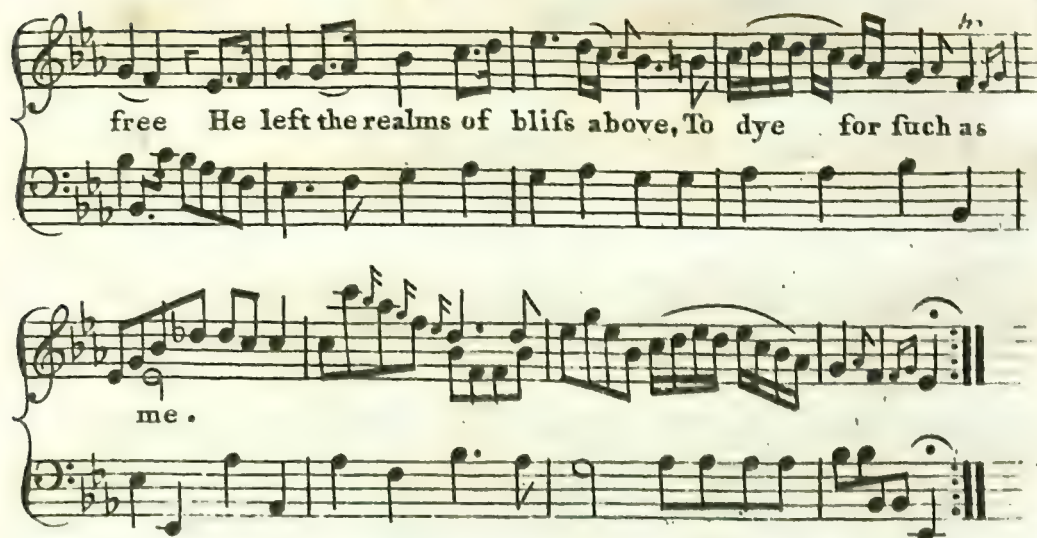
house resort, And praise him e-ver - more.



So great his mercy and his Love, His grace so kind and



Oswald



2

Behold him suffering on the cross,
That sins might be forgiv'n;
And when he had repair'd our loss,
See him ascend to heav'n.
Now on his Fathers throne he reigns,
And pleads the sinners cause;
My Death, he cries the guilt sustains,
Of all thy broken laws.

3

I dy'd, thy Justice to appease,
That man might be restor'd;
To give repenting sinners ease,
Who reverence thy word,
For such amazing love I'll praise,
And magnify his name;
With warmest zeal my voice I'll raise,
His goodness to proclaim.

78 HYMN XLVI

Words by P. P.

Affettuoso

6 6 5 # 7 4

6 5 # 4 6 6 6 5 3 6 6 5 6 5 #

Ye sinners at=tend to his voice, 'Tis Christ is the

6 6 4 5

Bridegroom in=vites; Ye Christians be glad and re=joice, To

7 4 # 5 6 6 4 6 6 6 6

taste of fair Virtue's de=lights, 'Tis sweeter than all that is

Adie 6 6 6 5 3 6 6 6 6 6

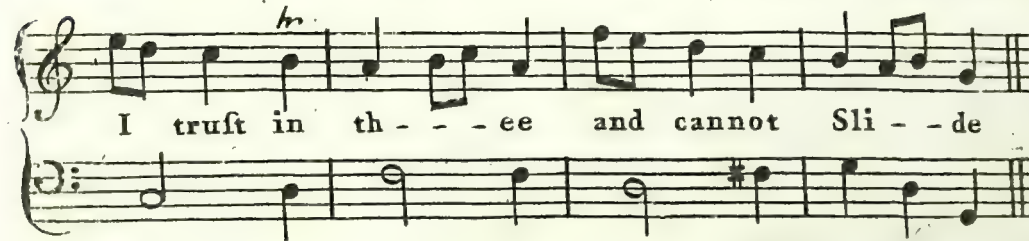
sweet. Nay better than Honey or Spice, Then come ye be
 loved and eat, 'Twill make you in future loath Vice.

2

I sleep, but my heart is awake,
 'Tis he my beloved I hear,
 His voice I can never mistake,
 His Love I shall ever revere.
 He calls me his Sister, his Dove,
 And begs I'll partake of his grace;
 Nay more, for so great was his Love,
 He dy'd that my Soul might have Peace.

Words taken from 5 Chap. Sol. Song V. 1st and Part of 2^d

HYMN XLVII



2

With wicked men I'll not converse
Nor with th'ungodly hold commerce
In innocence I'll wash my hand,
And then before thy altar stand.

3

My thanks I'll publish with my voice,
And in thy wond'rous works rejoice:
Oh I love that blest place,
Thy honour's residence does grace!

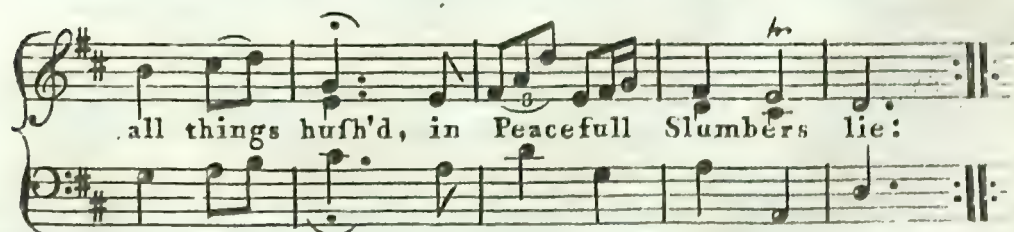
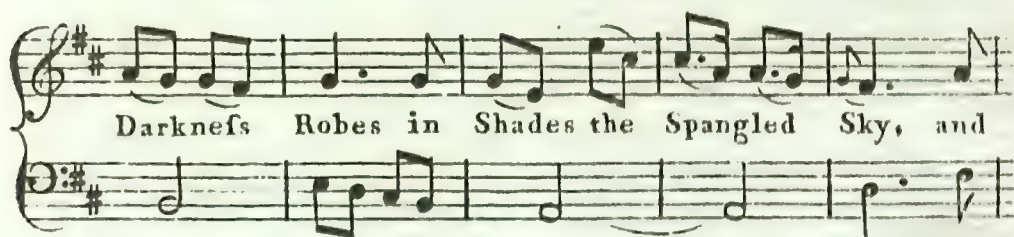
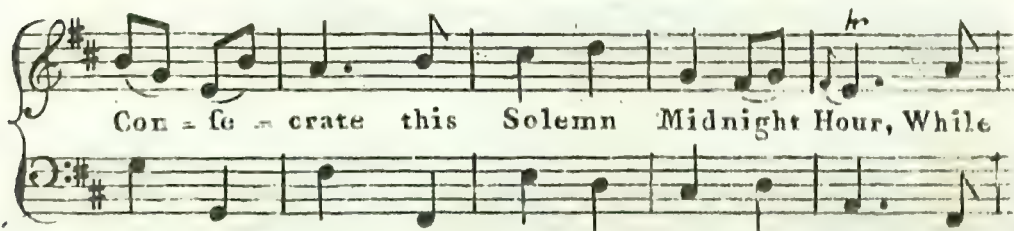
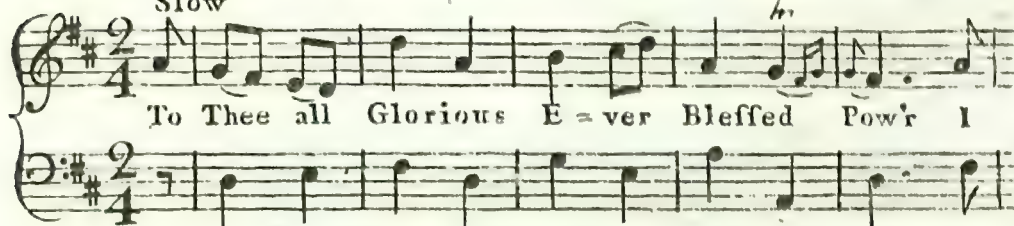
When dead, my portion, Lord, remove
 From those, who sin and bloodshed love;
 Who with one hand have spoil'd and kill'd,
 And with false bribes the other fill'd.

And, Lord, when⁵ thou hast ransom'd me
 With mercy, I will walk with thee
 In righteous paths, and thy great name
 With honour in our tribes proclaim.

HYMN XLVIII

for Midnight

Slow



Chorus Quick

Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow.

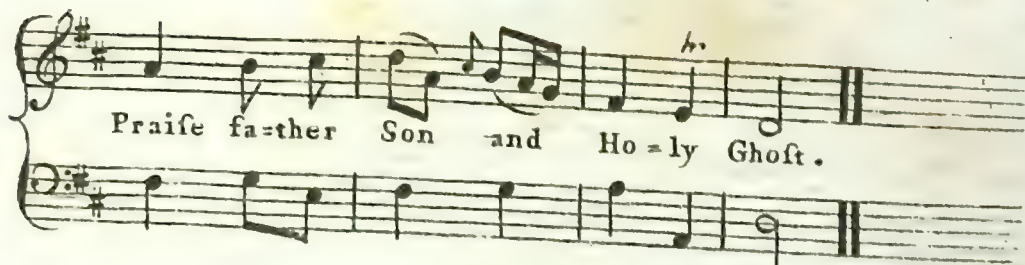
Praise him all Creatures here be = low.

Praise him A = bove th'n ge - - - lic Host.

Praise fa = ther Son and Ho = = ly Ghost,

Praise him A = bove th'n ge - - lic Host,

Levesque



2

Unwearid let me Praise thy Holy Name,
 Each thought with Rising Gratitude Inflammé,
 For the Rich Mercies which thy Hands Impart
 Health to my limbs and Comfort to my Heart.

3

Cho. Praise God &c.

Should the Scene Change and Pains Extort my Sighs
 Then see my tears and listen to my Cries
 Then let my Soul by some blest forecast know
 Deliver'd from Eternal Pain and Woe.

4

Cho. Praise God &c.

Arm'd with so Bright a hope no more Ill fear
 To View the Dreadfull Hour of Death draw Near
 But my faith Strengthening as my life decay's
 My dying Breath shall mount to Heav'n in Praise.

5

Cho. Praise God &c.

O may this Midnight hymn like Incence rise
 An humble but Accepted Sacrifice.
 Bid kindly sleep my Weary eyelids Close
 And cheer my Heart with sweet and soft Repose.

6

Cho. Praise God &c.

Their downy Wings a Gaurdian Angels spread
 And from all dangers screeend my helpless Head,
 Then shall my Eyes once more behold the Day
 My Voice once more its Gratefull tribute Pay.

Chorus

Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow &c.

HYMN XLIX

on the Redemption

Words by P.P.

When Je-fus our Saviour came down from a--

-bove, How wond'rous his Grace, how a = mazing his

How wond'rous his Grace, how a = mazing his

Love, His dear blood as a ran-som for Sinners he

Handel.

spilt, And he laid down his life, to a - tone for our

spilt, And he laid down his life, to a - tone for our

7 6

guilt: That Jus-tice di-vine might be well sa - tis -

guilt: That Jus-tice di-vine might be well sa - tis -

fy'd, He hung on the Tree, As all might be

fy'd, He hung on the Tree, As all might be

6 6

free, If on him they re - - ly'd.

free, If on him they re - - ly'd.

6 6

And now he in heav'n sits pleading our Peace; In-

And now he in heav'n sits pleading our Peace; In-

6 3 4 7

-viting us all to the throne of his grace. Then let us for

-viting us all to the throne of his grace. Then let us for

6 6 4

e=ver a=dore his dear name, And in Songs of thankf-

e=ver a=dore his dear name, And in Songs of thankf-

7 6 4 7 7 6 5 6 Slow

-giving, his mercies pro=claim. For Sin=ners he

-giving, his mercies pro=claim. For Sin=ners he

6

bled when they pierced his side, And he bore bore

bled when they pierced his side, And he bo - - -

6 6

Faster

bore bore bore all our guilt on the Cross. When to

- re all our guilt on the Cross. When to

7 7 6

Pia. *For.*

save us he dy'd dy'd dy'd dy'd to save us, to

save us he dy'd dy'd dy'd dy'd to save us, to

6 5 6 7 6 4

Pia. *Pianis?*

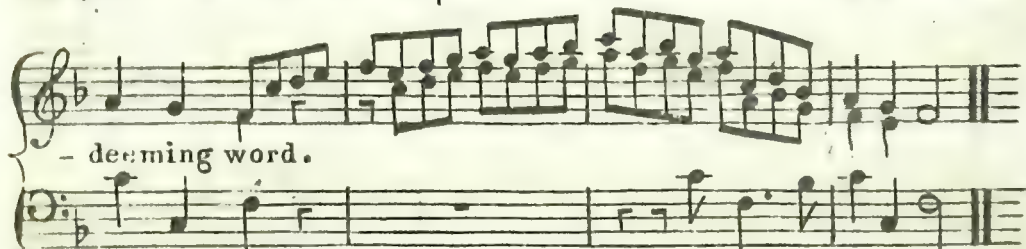
save us he dy'd, he dy'd dy'd.

save us he dy'd, he dy'd dy'd.

6 5 4 3

88 HYMN L

Words by F.P.

Larghetto

2

His Spirit heav'nly comfort brings.
To each desponding Soul;
From his atoning blood there springs,
Blessings without controul.

3

Such boundless Love, such sov'reign grace,
Demands our utmost praise,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
In our most thankful lays.

4

Let all that sacred name adore,
Who dy'd to set us free.

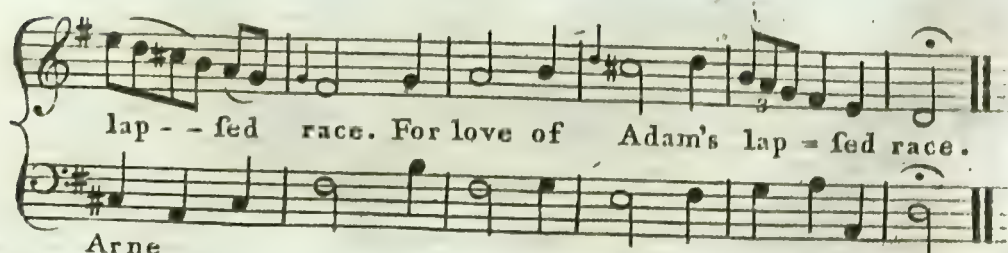
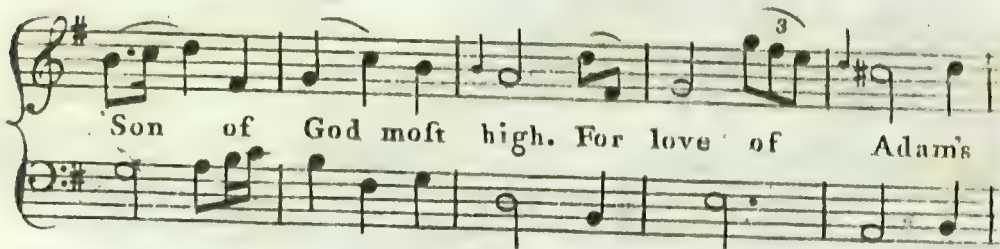
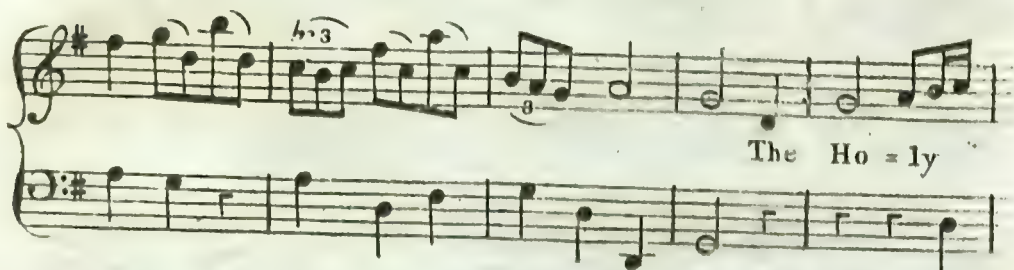
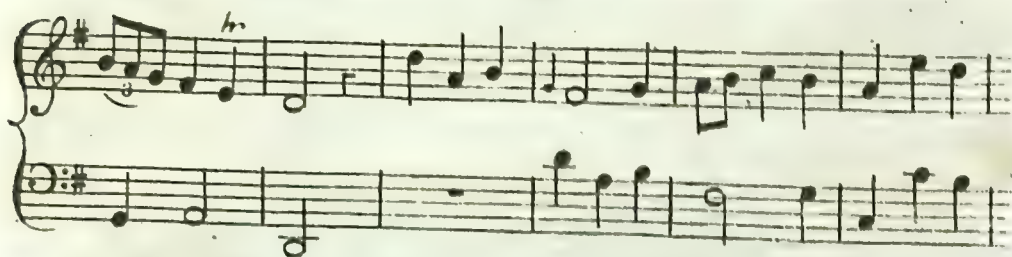
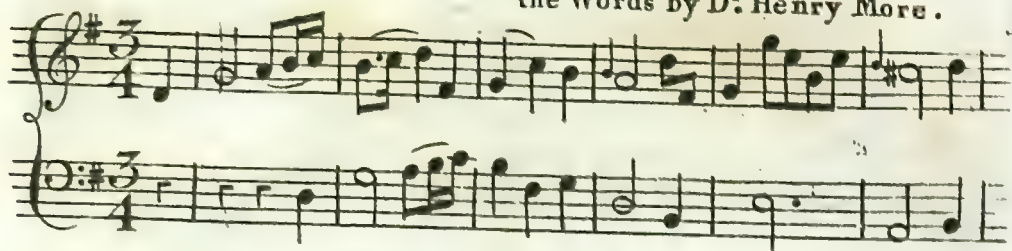
And sing his praise for evermore
That bled on Calvary.

Unknown

HYMN LI

89

the Words by D^r. Henry More.



Did quit the mansions of the sky to bring us

to that hap-py place, His robes of light he

laid a side. Which did his Ma-jes-ty a-

- dorn, And the frail state of mor-tals try'd In

hu-man flesh and fi-gure born.

2

Down from above this Day Star slid,
 Himself in living earth t'entomb,
 And all his heavenly glory hid
 In a pure, lowly virgin's womb,
 While choirs of angels loudly sing
 The myst'ry of his sacred birth,
 And the blest news to shepherds bring,
 Filling their watchful souls with mirth.

3

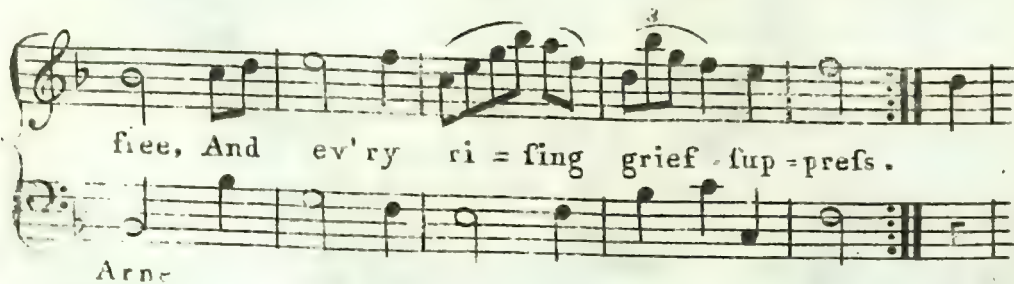
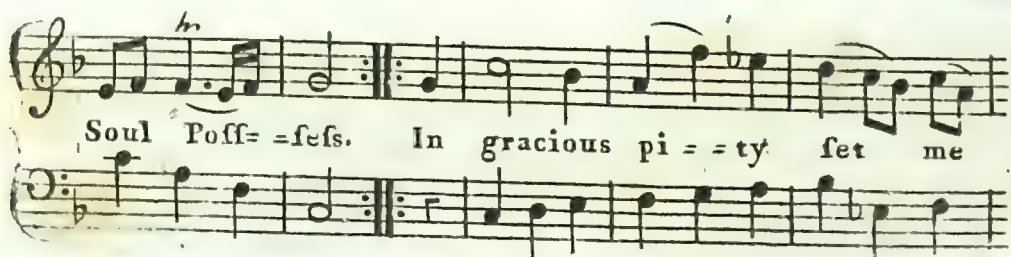
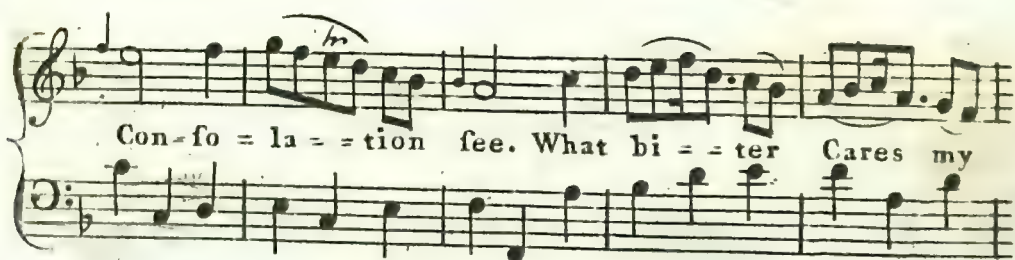
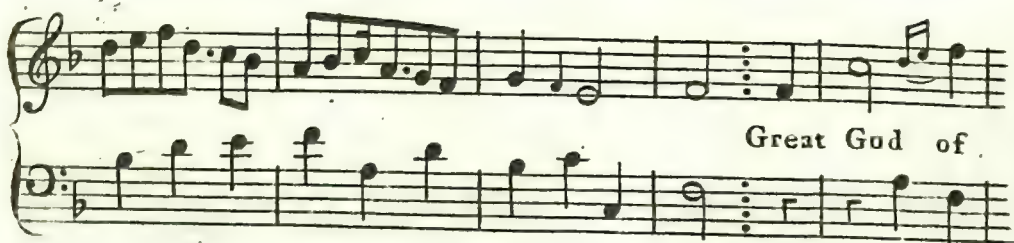
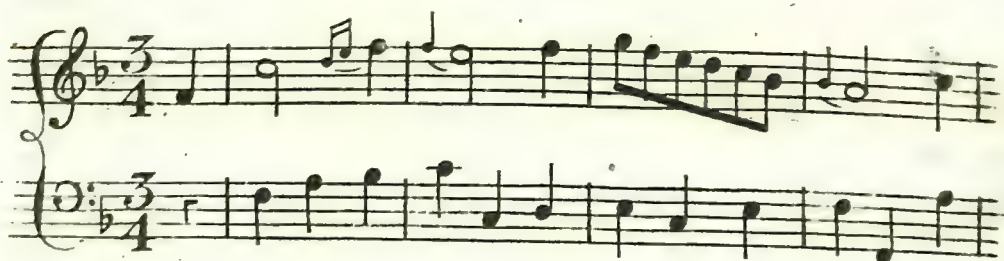
The Son of God thus man became,
 That men the sons of God might be,
 And by their second birth regain
 A likeness to his Deity.
 Lord, give us each an humble mind,
 With heav'nly purity and love,
 That Christ, thus in our hearts enshrind,
 His rightful heirs we all may prove,

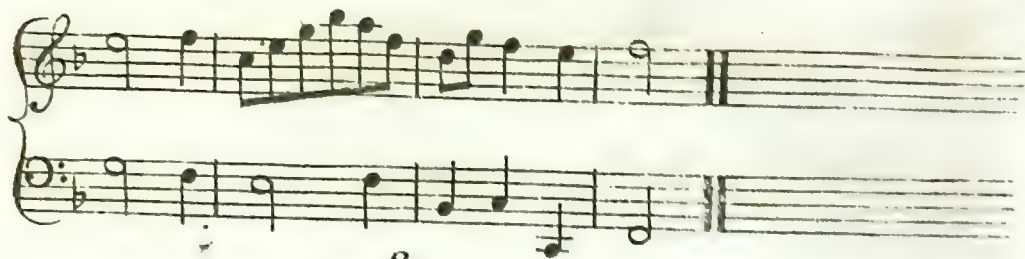
4

And being thus regenerate
 Into a life and sense divine,
 We all ungodliness may hate,
 And to thy living word incline:
 That, nourish'd by that heav'nly food,
 To manly stature we may grow,
 And stedfastly pursue what's good,
 That all our high descent may know.

5

Grant we, thy sheep, may never yield
 Our souls to soil with any blot;
 But still, as champions in the field;
 Declare his pow'r who us begot,
 That after this, our warfare done,
 And travails of a toilsome stage,
 We may to Heaven with Christ, thy Son,
 Enjoy our promis'd heritage.





2
My soul for thy salvation faints -
A dim suffusion veils my eyes
When wilt thou answer my complaints
Absolve my guilt, and bid me rise.

3
Yet let me not repining stand
Thy purpose sanctifies thy rod
The gentle scourges of thy hand
Still bring me nearer to my God.

4
This proves my comfort in distress
When joys decline and friendship low's
The pleasure of thy word increase
And quickens all my mental pow'rs.

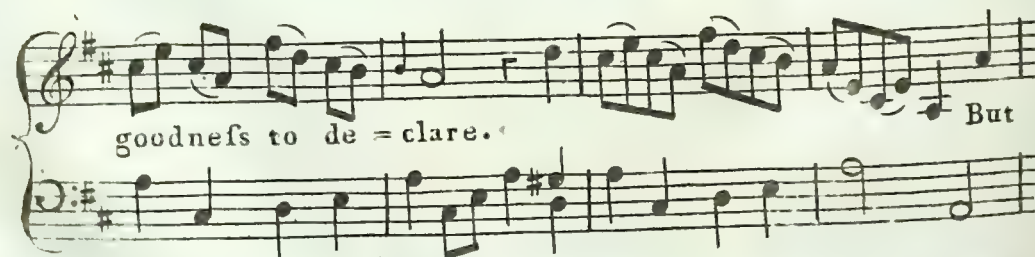
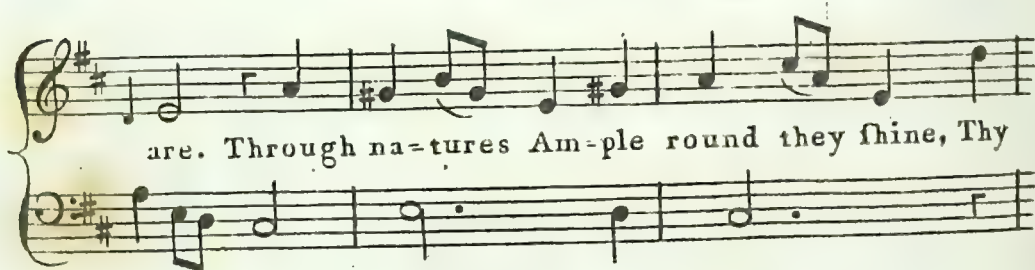
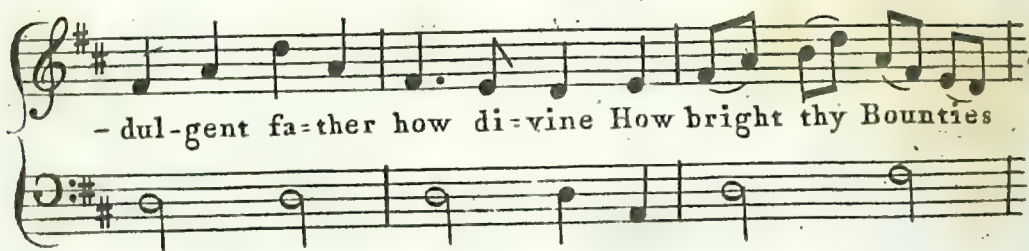
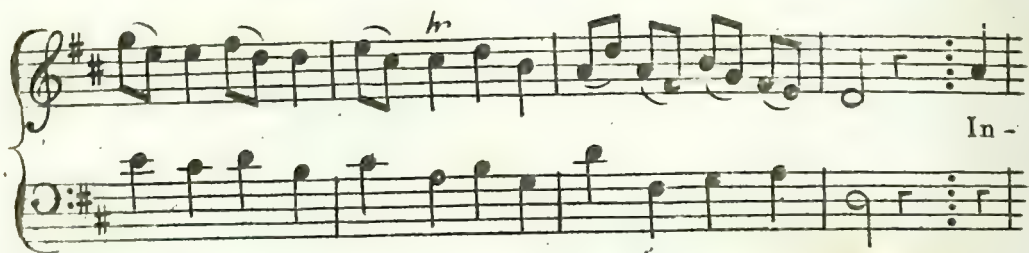
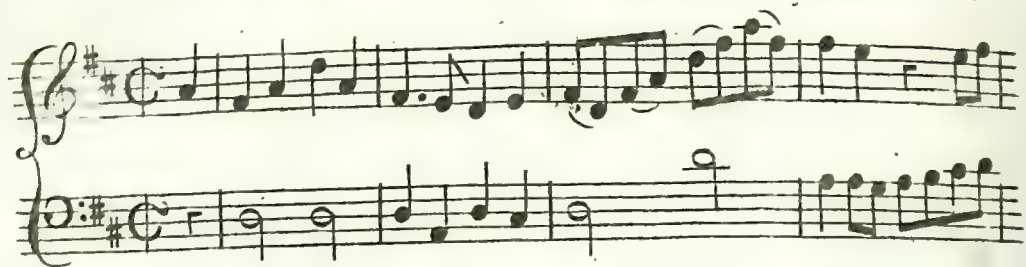
5
What less could mitigate my grief
Internal hope or joy supply
Depriv'd of that divine relief
Hope disappears and comforts die.

6
Thy Dispensations I revere
And ev'ry anxious thought compose
Assur'd the discipline I bear
From thy paternal goodness flows.

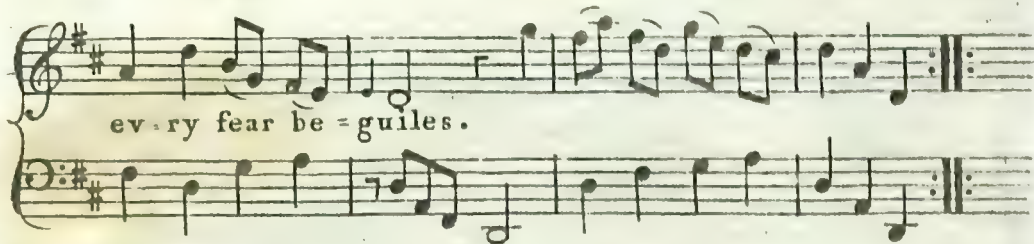
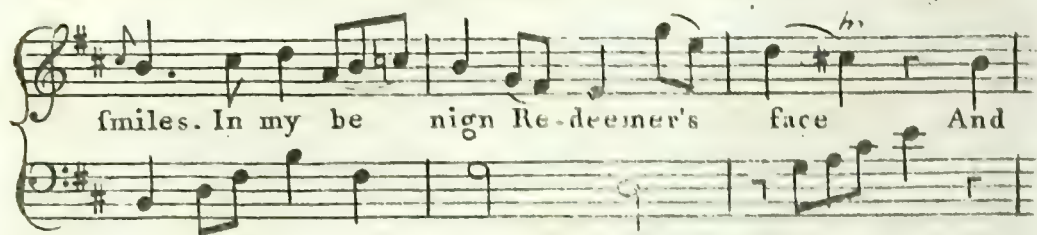
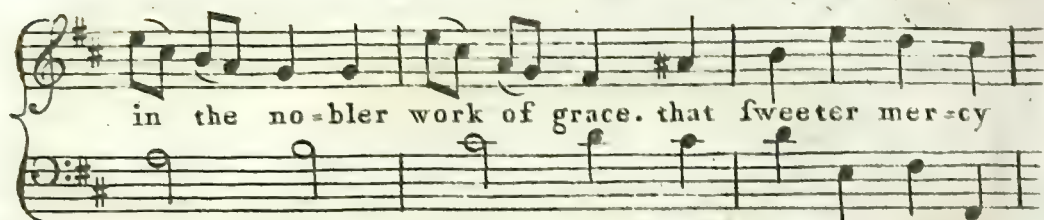
7
Ere I had known affliction's school
My treach'rous feet were led astray
But there I've learnt a sacred rule
Thy word's a clue to guide my way.

94 H Y M N L I I I

The Words by Mr Sowden



Unknown



2

Such wonders Lord while I survey
 To thee my thanks shall rise
 When morning ushers in the day
 Or ev'ning veils the skies
 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame
 Thy praise shall tune my breath
 The dear memorials of thy name
 Shall gild the Shades of death.

3

But ah how sweet my song shall rise
 When freed from feeble clay
 And all thy glories meet mine eyes
 In one eternal day
 Not Seraphs, who resound thy name
 Through yon ethereal plains
 Shall glow with a diviner flame
 Or raise sublimer strains.

HYMN LIV

D U E T

I lov = e the Lord he heard my

cries, and . . Pi - - ty'd ev - - - ry groan.

Long as I live when trou - - bles

Harrington



2

I love the Lord, he bow'd his ear
 And chas'd my griefs away
 O let my heart no more despair
 While I have breath to pray.

3

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell
 And I drew near the dead
 While inward pangs and fears of Hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4

My God I cry'd, thy servant save
 Thou ever good and just
 Thy power can rescue from the grave
 Thy power is all my trust.

5

The Lord beheld me sore distressed
 He bid my pains remove
 Return my soul to God thy rest
 For thou hast known his love.

6

My God hath sav'd my soul from death
 And dry'd my falling tears
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath
 And my remaining years.

Moderato

E -

- ternal fire. en=thron'd on high whom angel hosts a=dore who

yet to suppliant dust art nigh Thy presence to im -

- plore.

Defesch

O Guide me down the steep of age. And

keep my pas-sions cool teach me to scan the

fe - - cred page And practice ev - ry rule and

prac - tice ev - ry rule.

2

Teach me to shun, the Sceptic's path,
 And scorn the deist's lore,
 Stidfast to hold the ancient faith,
 Hope humbly and adore.
 My flying years, time urges on,
 What's human must decay,
 My friends, my youth's companions gone,
 Can I expect to Stay.

3

Can I exemption plead, when death
 Projects his awful dart,
 Can med'cines then prolong my breath.
 Or virtue shield my heart,
 Ah! no—then smoothe the mortal hour.
 Or thee my hope depends,
 Support me with Almighty pow'r,
 While dust to dust descends.

4

Then wing my soul! O! gracious God,
 While angels guard the Way,
 Admitted to the blest abode,
 I'll endless anthems pay.
 Through heav'ns, howe'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim,
 And join the choir of saints, that sound
 Their dear Redeemer's name.

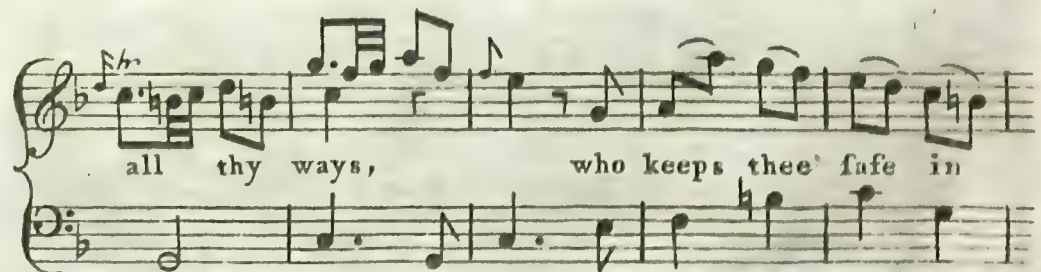
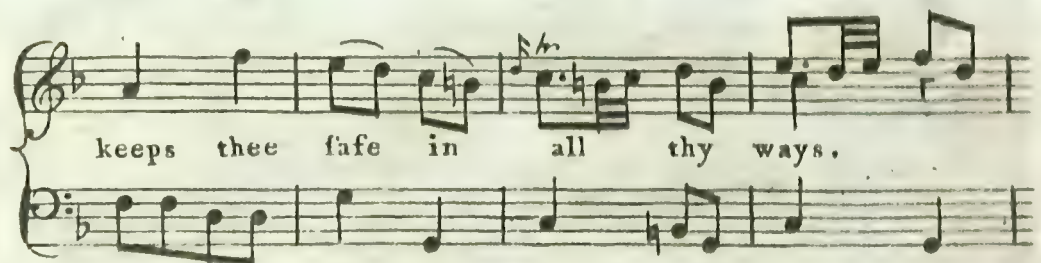
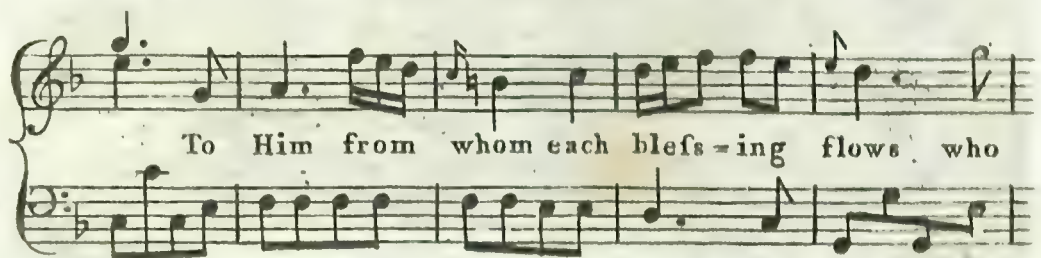
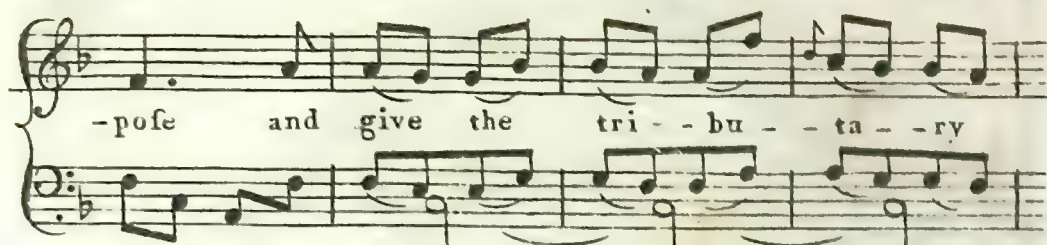
HYMN LVI

For the morning

The Words by W. S.

A wake my soul from soft re -

Unknown



all thy ways Ah! did not God's pa--ter-nal

care pro = tect thee from im--pending harm, How

would'st thou shun the templers snare and all his

bale = full arts dif = arm, and all his bale = ful

arts dif = arm.



2

Invain without His heav'nly guide
 Would all thy strongest efforts prove,
 And ev'ry earthly joy subside,
 Should he withdraw his wonted love,
 Then why, my soul, dost thou neglect
 To Praise thy heav'nly Fathers name,
 Nor treat that goodness with respect,
 From whom thy ev'ry comfort came.

3

Does not the Sun, which now is rose,
 And gilds the Sky with orient gold
 Thy Makers wond'rous love disclose,
 And his omnipotence unfold.
 Look round the world's terraqueous ball,
 And view the wonders of his hand.
 Then think for thee, he made them all.
 And let that thought thy praise command.

4

Shall man—unworthy man—enjoy
 The mighty blessings these afford,
 And not his short liv'd hours employ
 In songs of praise to God the Lord.
 Forbid it Heav'n's almighty pow'r,
 That we should thus ungrateful prove.
 Who ev'ry day—nay ev'ry hour.
 Receive fresh instance of his love.

104 HYMN LVII

The Words by D^r Henry More.

Moderato

My God in Whom are all the Springs, Of

bound-less love and grace un-known. Hide me be-

-neath thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud is

O - - ver blown.

Arne

Up to the heavens I send my cry, The

Lord will my de = fires per = form. He sends his

An -- gels from the Sky, And saves me from

the threatening Storm And saves me from the threatening

Storm. Sy.

Be thou exalted, O my God
 Above the heavens where angels dwell
 Thy power on earth be known abroad
 And land to land thy wonders tell
 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name
 Awake, my tongue to sound his praise
 My tongue the glory of my frame.

High o're the earth his mercy reigns
 And reaches to the utmost sky
 His truth to endless years remains
 When lower worlds dissolve and die
 Be thou exalted, O my God
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN LVIII

Andante

Sy In

Heav'n's resplendent realms of Day, thy Glo-ry Lord, ap-

-pears, The mark of thy cre--a--tive hand, the

Groombridge

glitt'ring expanse bears; Sy³ Each

orient sun proclaims a loud its Great Cre-a-tor's

fame. While every night's suc-cessive round re-

-peats Je-ho-vah's name Sy

2

What though no speech therein is heard, nor no responsive call,
 Yet eloquent their bright array, expressive silence all:
 Through all the earth's extended line instruction they afford,
 The world's extremeſt confines bear the witneſs of their word.

3

Midſt theſe the effulgent lamp of day diſplays its glorious face,
 Which, giant-like, exults to run its bright diurnal race,
 From eaſt to weſt, thro' Heaven's domains, with rapid courſe it goes,
 On all Creation's work below its genial warmth beſtows.

4

God's ſacred law the ſoul converts from ſinful vain deſires,
 His holy word, with wiſdom fraught the ignorant inſpires,
 Right are the ſtatutes of the Lord, with joy they fill the heart,
 His righteous laws, in ſearch of truth, the cleareſt light impart;

5

God's holy worſhip perfect is; both ſacred, true, and pure,
 His judgments all, by juſtice ſway'd, for ever to endure,
 More to be priz'd than glitt'ring ore from earth's luxuriant womb,
 More ſweet than honey, or the drops mellifluous from the comb.

6

Inſtruction they thy ſervants give, to all who them regard
 Terreſtrial bleſſings ever wait, eternal their reward:
 Who can recount the evil thoughts, the mind conceives within,
 O cleanſe thou me, moſt gracious Lord, from every ſecret ſin:

7

Let no preſumptuous ſin, O Lord, the conqueſt have o'er me,
 So by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may the great tranſgreſſion flee,
 O may each word theſe lips ere forms each ſecret of my mind,
 From thou my ſtrength, redeeming Lord, a kind acceptance find.

An

109

APPENDIX

to the

MAGDALEN

HYMNS &c



Set for the

HARPSICHORD VOICE,

GERMAN-FLUTE

OR

GUITAR.

L O N D O N

Printed by LONGMAN & BRODERIP N^o 26 Cheapfide.

PSALM XIX

111
The Musick by
MR Selby

The spacious firmament on high, with all the
blue ethereal Sky, And spangled Heav'n's shining
Frame, their great Original proclaim.

Figured bass notation: 6 6 5 6, 6 6 5 6 7, 6 6 6 7 6 5 4

Th' unwearied sun from day to day, Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
Does his Creator's pow'r display; And all the planets in their turn,
And publishes to ev'ry land Confirm the tidings as they roll,
The work of an almighty Hand. And spread the truth from pole to pole

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail, What though in solemn silence all
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale, Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
And nightly to the list'ning earth What though nor real voice nor sound
Repeats the story of her birth: Amid their radiant orbs be found

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine"

PSALM XXIII

The Musick by M^r Selby

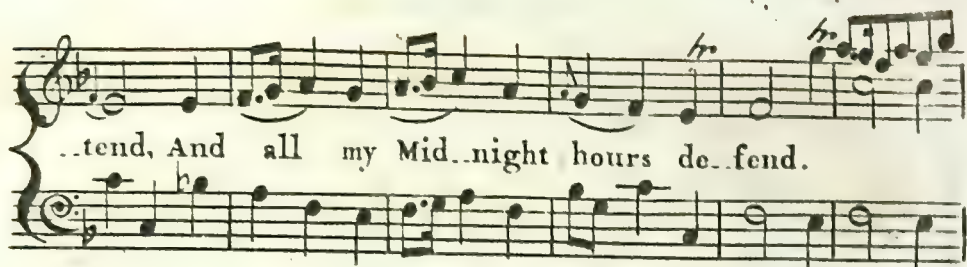
The

Lord my Pasture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a Shepherds

care; His Presence shall my

wants supply And guard me with a watchful Eye:

My noon day walks he shall at..



2

When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou O Lord art with me still
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN IV

On GRATITUDE the words from the Spectator the Musick by M^r Selby

When all thy Mercies, O my God, My rising
Soul surveys, Transported with the View, I'm lost In
Wonder Love and Praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart,
But thou can'st read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with Joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart O Lord
Thy mercy shall adore.

HYMN V

115

On the Excellency of the BIBLE by Dr Watts The Musick by Mr Selley

Great God with

Won-der and with Praise On all thy works I look

Solo But still thy wisdom power and Grace Shine brighter in thy Book

The stars that in their courses roll, Lord make me under stand thy law,
Have much instruction given; Show what my faults have been;
But thy good word informs my soul And from thy gospel let me draw
How I may soar to heaven. Pardon for all my sin.

3 6
The fields provide me food, and shew Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd,
The goodness of the Lord; To save my soul from hell;
But fruits of life and glory grow Not all the books on earth beside
In thy most holy word. Such heavenly wonders tell.

4 7
Here are my choicest treasures hid, Then let me love thy scriptures more
Here my best comfort lies; And with renew'd delight,
Here my desires are satisfy'd, By day read all thy wonders o'er,
And hence my hopes arise. And meditate by night.

HYMN VI

*On the SABBATH by Dr Doddridge**The Musick by M^r Smith*

Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray in this thy House on this thy day Ac.

cept, as gratefull Sacrifice; The songs, which from thy Servants rise.

2

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler REST above,
 Oh that we might that REST attain
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

3

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free,
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

4

No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade no clouded sun,
 But sacred high eternal noon.

5

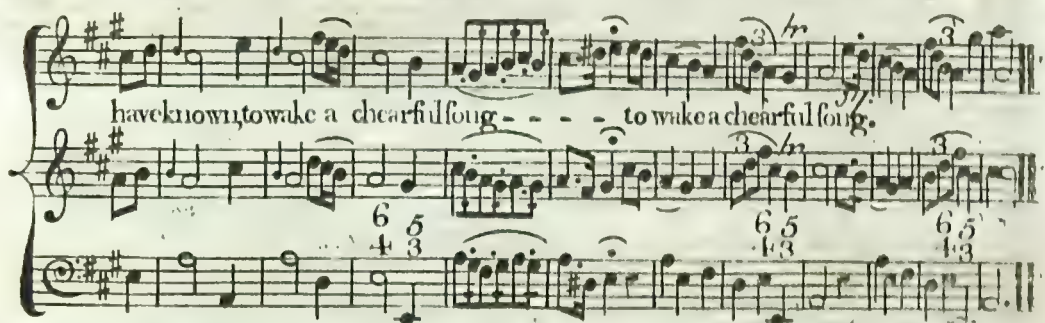
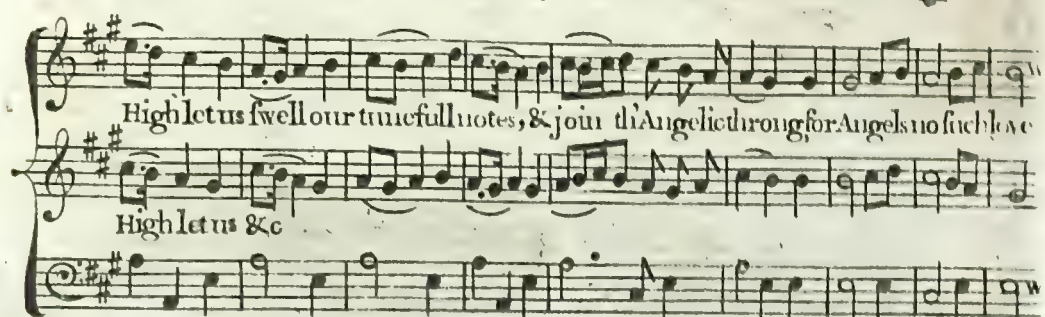
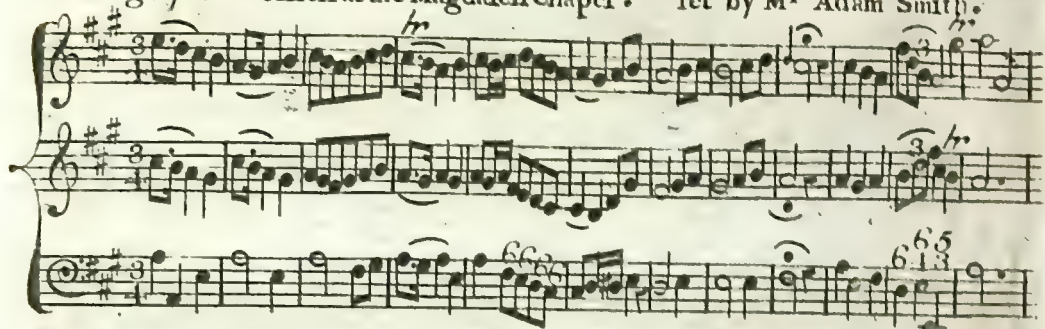
O long expected day begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin,
 Pain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death and rest with God.

HYMN VIII

on CHRISTMAS day

117

Sung by the Women at the Magdalen Chapel: set by Mr Adam Smith.



2
Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given,
For lo th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven

3
Justice and grace with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn,
Let heaven and earth in concert join
"Tous a child is born"

4
"Glory to God" in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid,
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5
When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains.

HYMN IX

On the new YEAR by D^r DoddridgeThe Musick by M^r Selby

God of my life, thy constant care, With blessing crown the

Op'ning Year, This guilty life dost thou pro. long, And

wake a new mine Annual Song.

2

How many kindred souls are fled,
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Thro' his last yearly period run?

We yet survive but who can say,
Or thro' the year or month or day,
"I will retain this vital breath;
"Thus far at least in league with death?

That breath is thine eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my souls abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Tho' death should blast the rising year.

HYMN X

119

On the PASSION
LARGHETTO

The Musick by M^r Setty

From whence these dire por-tents a-round That Earth and
Heav'n a-maze. Where fore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground Wh
hides the Sun his rays.

2

4

Not thus did SINAI's trembling head See streaming from the fatal tree,
With sacred horror nod, His all atoning blood
Beneath the dark pavilion spread Is this the infinite? 'Tis He!
Of the descending God! My SAVIOUR, and my GOD!

3

5

What tongue the tortures can declare For me these pangs his soul assail,
Of this vindictive hour? For me the death is borne!
Wrath he alone had will to share, My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
As he alone had pow'r! And pointed ev'ry thorn.

6

Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;
O save me, whom thou can'st to save,
Nor bleed or die in vain.

HYMN XII

On WHITSUNDAY

by Mr Dryden

the Musick by Mr Selby

E...ter...nal spi...rit by whose Aid The

Worlds founda.tions first were laid 'Come Vi...fit ev' ry

pi...ous mind Come pour thy Joys on hu...man kind.

2

From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee;
 Illumine our dull darken'd sight,
 Thou source of uncreated light.

3

Thrice holy fount thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire,
 Come and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

4

Plenteous of grace descend from high,
 Rich in thy seven fold energy,
 Thon strength of his almighty hand
 Whose power does heaven and earth command.

5

Proceeding Spirit our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of grace dispense,
 Feeble alas we are and frail,
 Let not the world or flesh prevail.

6

Chace from our minds th'infernal foe,
 And Peace the fruit of Love bestow:
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

7

Make us eternal Truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe,
 Give us thyself that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

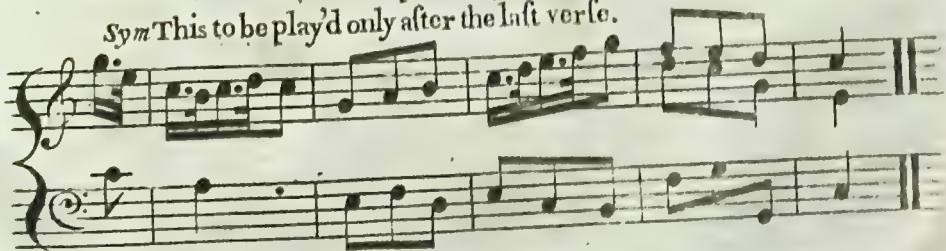
8

Immortal honours, endless fame
 Attend th' Almighty Fathers name,
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost mans redemption died.

9

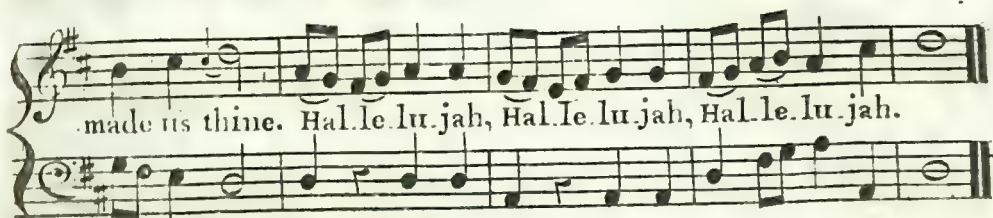
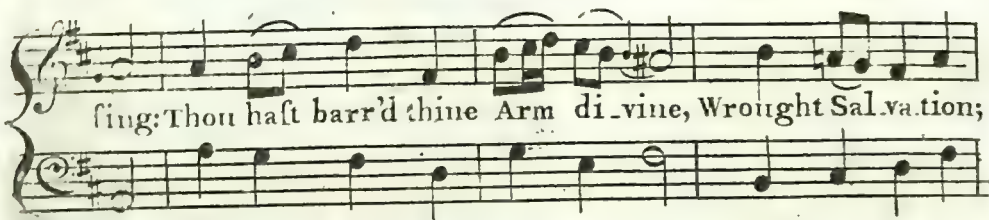
And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit, paid to thee,
 "Come, visit every pious mind,
 "Come pour thy joys on human kind."

Sym This to be play'd only after the last verse.



HYMN XIII

On thanksgiving

by D^r DODDthe Musick by M^r Sully

2

Wandering sheep, how far from home
Sore bewilder'd did we roam;
Till the gracious shepherd came;
Sought, and sav'd: O praise his name!

3

Death, no more we dread thy sting;
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing:
Grave, thy terrors we defy;
We shall live; for Christ did die.

4

Fir'd with gratitude, we raise
All our souls to sound thy praise;
Touch each heart, each tongue inspire,
Sing we higher still, and higher.

5

Down to deepest hell deprest,
Jesus rescu'd, rais'd, and blest;
Open'd mercy's golden gate,
Mercy, here who holds her seat.

6

Happy mansion. every voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each voice united sound,
"Be the walls with gladness crown'd."

7

Elevate our souls to thee;
Thou our guide, and guardian be;
Worthy, worthy may we prove,
Lord, of such distinguish'd love!

8

Blessings, thankful all our days,
May we pray, rejoice and praise;
Till the glorious trump shall sound,
And our raptur'd hearts rebound. *Hallelujah*

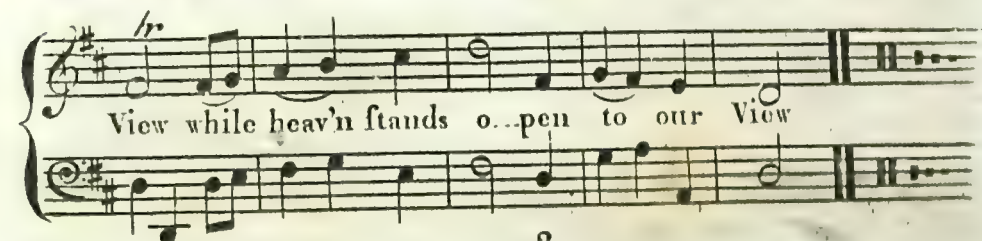
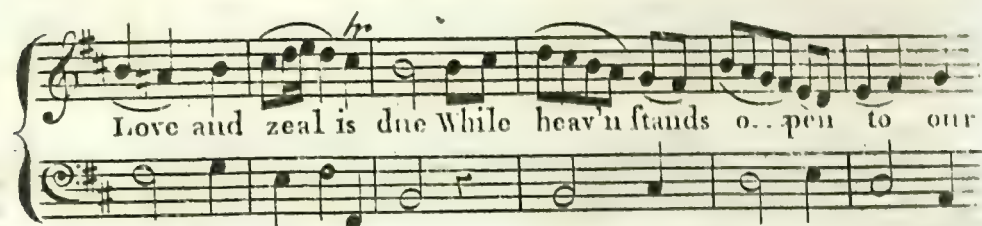
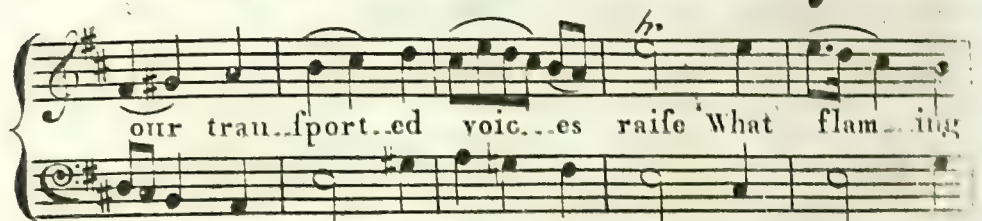
H Y M N XIV

123

Thanks to GOD.

by D^r Doddridge

the Musick by M^r S. S. S.



2

Once we were fall'n, and hh how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe:
Doom'd to the heritage of hell;
Where Sinners in deep darkness dwell!

But lo, a ray of chearfull light,
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night:
Lo, what triumphant grace is shewn,
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4

Far, far beyond these mortal shores
A bright inheritance is ours;
Where saints in light our Coming wait,
To share their holy blissful State

HYMN XVII

The SINCERE PENITENT

by Mr Lockman

h. *h.* *h.*

SLOW

h. *h.* *h.* *h.* *h.*

Al..migh..ty

h. *h.* *h.*

Lord most mer..ci.. full These thanks un feiguld these

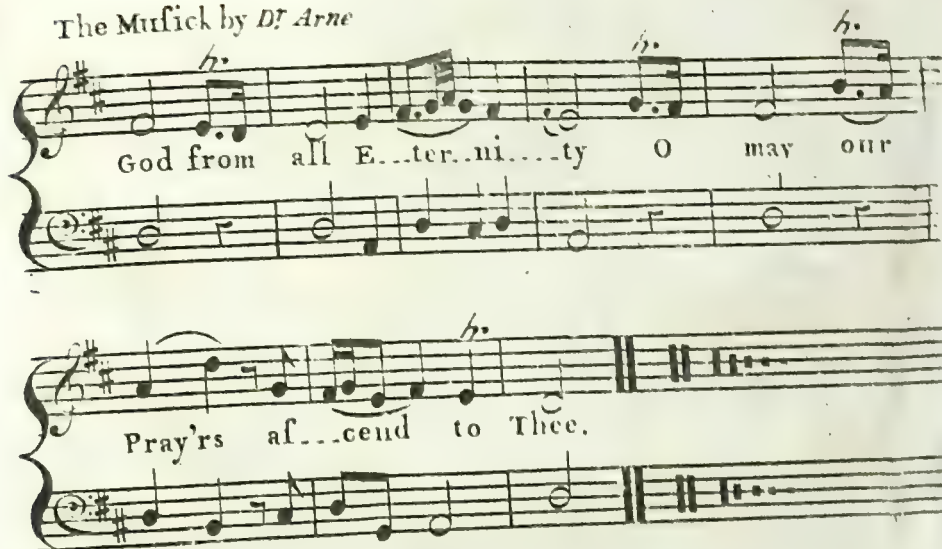
h.

Vows re..ceive Thou who when bath'd in Tears I

h. *h.*

Iay Didst hear my Cries and quick re..lieve Great

The Musick by *Dr Arne*



2

Plung'd deep in woe, of hope bereft,
 Destruction threaten'd me around;
 Remorse was mine, and black despair,
 And no ray of comfort found.
Chorus. Great, God &c.

3

For ever, O recorded be
The moment, when thy grace bestow'd
Thro' Christ, the sight of pard'ning love,
And led me to this blest abode.
Chorus. Great God, &c.

4

Since treading Virtues sacred paths
Alone secures the mind's content,
May the remainder of my days
In serving thee be always spent.
Chorus. Great God from all eternity,
O may our pray'rs ascend to thee.

The

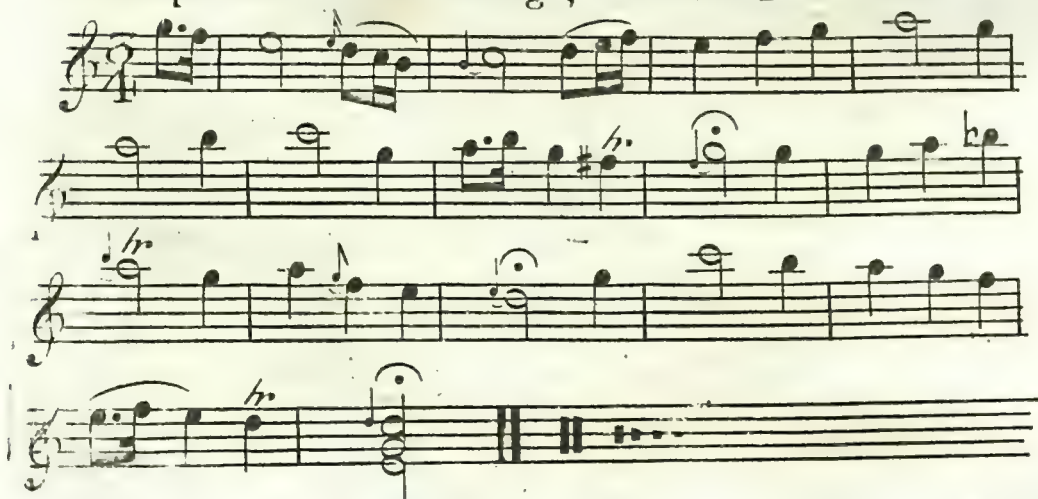
PSALMS and HYMNS

FOR THE

GUITTAR.

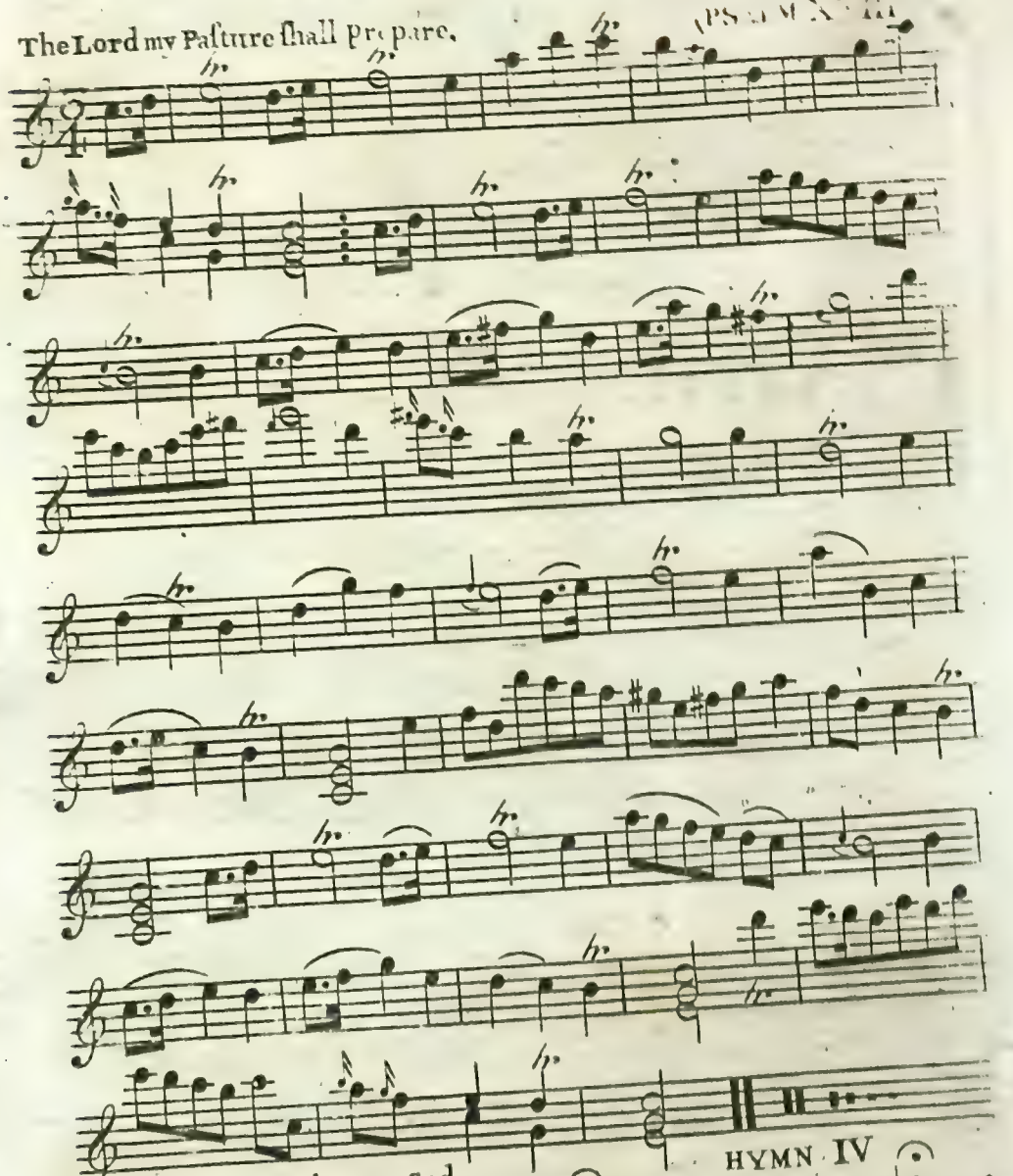
The spacious Firmament on High,

PSALM XIX.



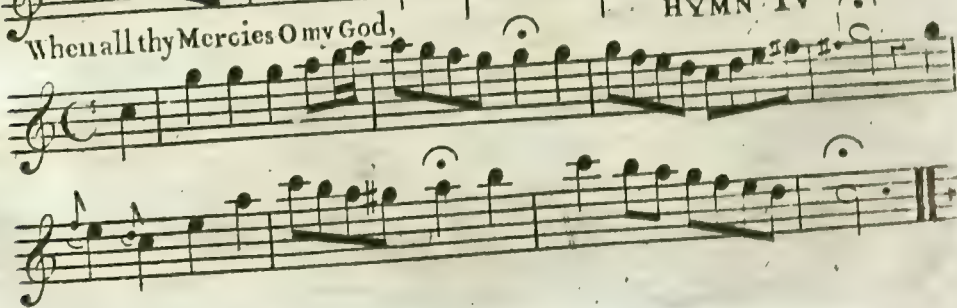
The Lord my Pasture shall prepare.

PSALM XCIII



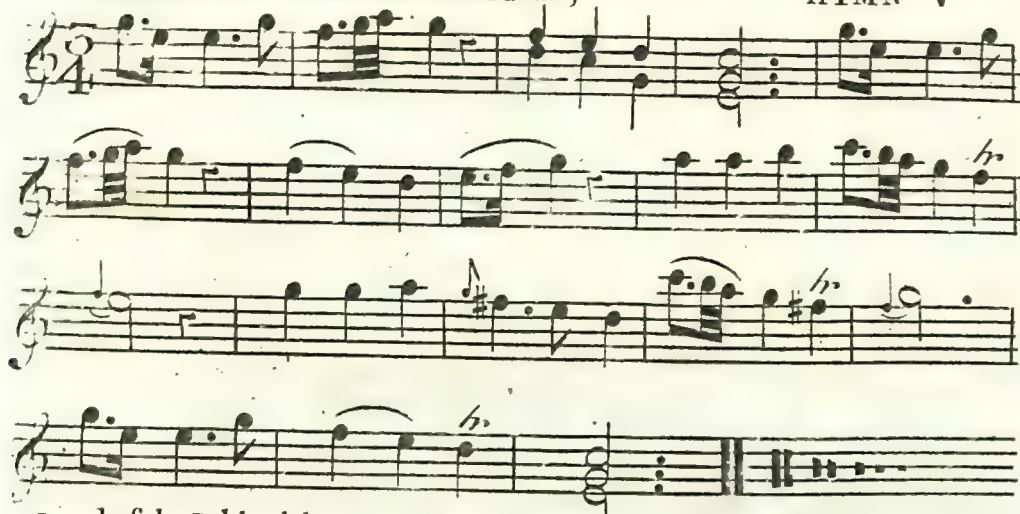
When all thy Mercies O my God,

HYMN IV



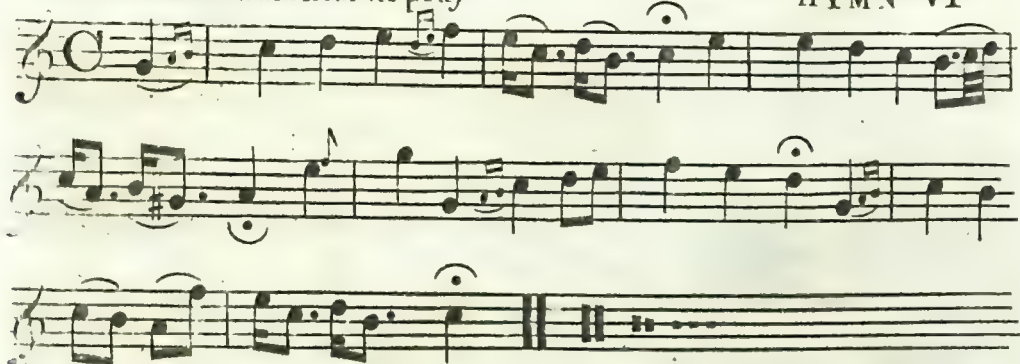
Great God with Wonder and with Praise,

HYMN V



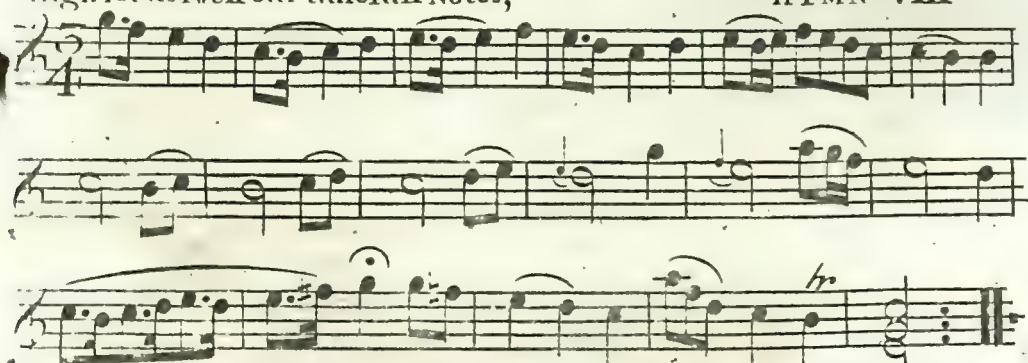
Lord of the Sabbath hear us pray

HYMN VI



High let us swell our tune full Notes,

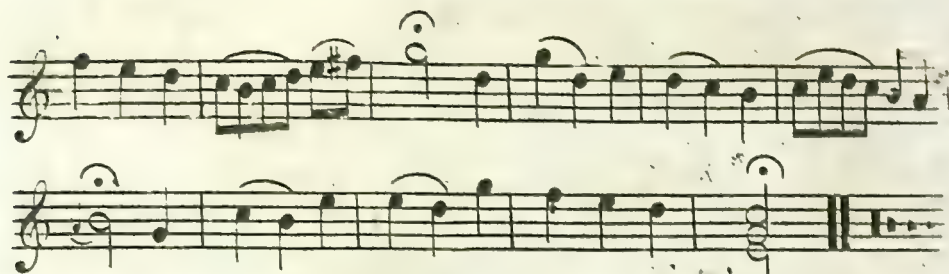
HYMN VIII



God for thy life thy constant care,

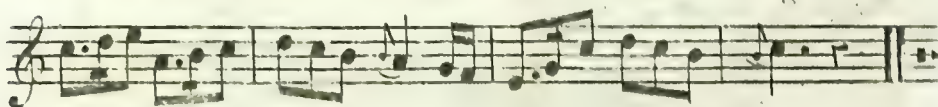
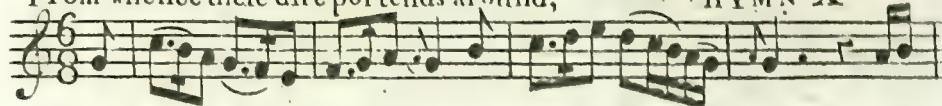
HYMN IX





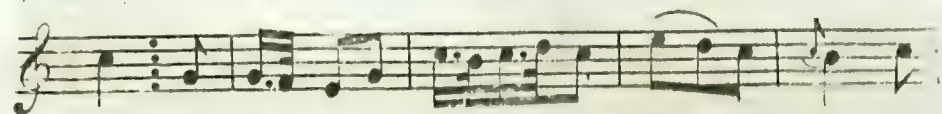
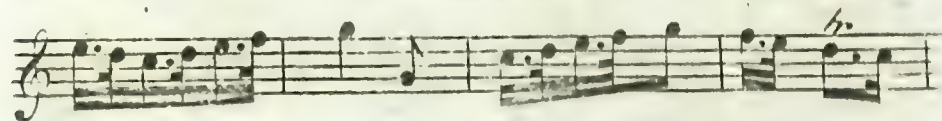
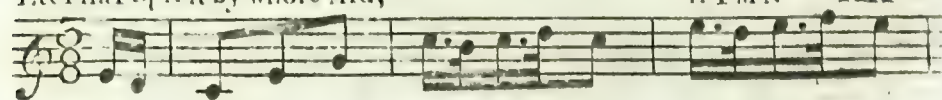
From whence these dire portends around,

HYMN X



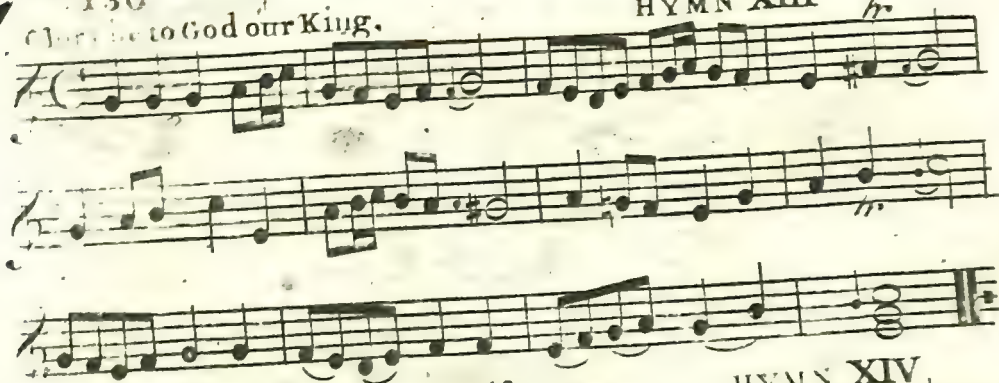
Eternal Spirit by whose Aid,

HYMN XII



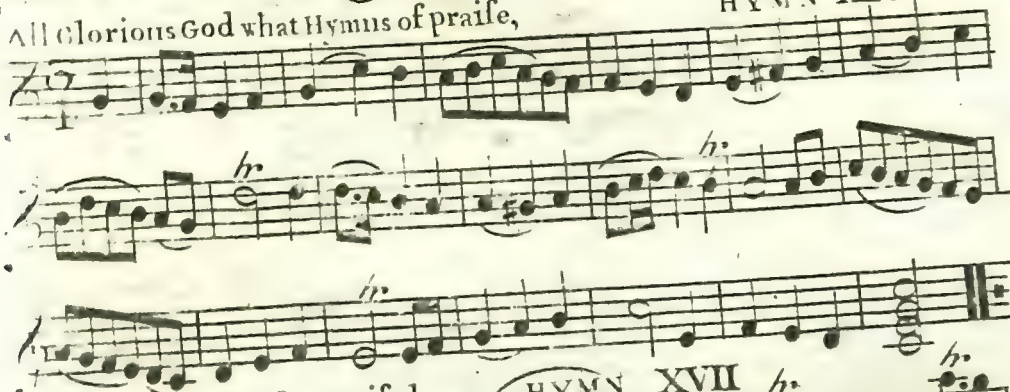
Gloria to God our King.

HYMN XIII



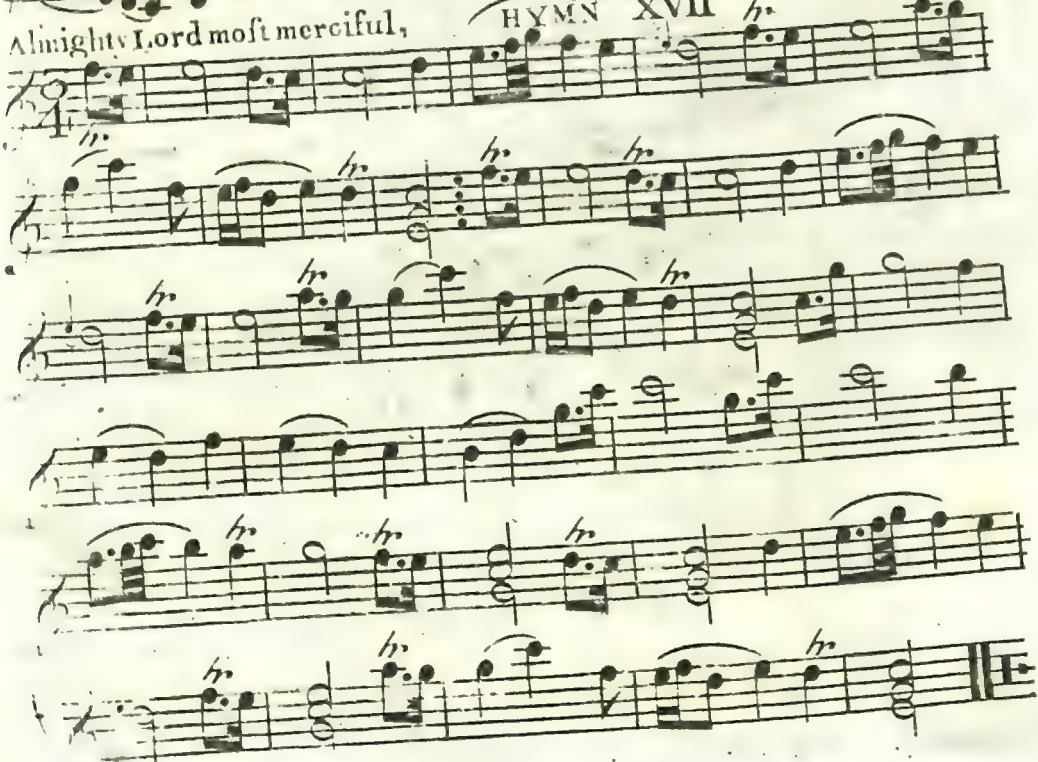
All Glorious God what Hymns of praise,

HYMN XIV



Almighty Lord most merciful,

HYMN XVII



A PRAYER for the Use of the
MAGDALEN CHAPEL.

Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort, who hast sent thy Son JESUS CHRIST into the World, to seek and to save that which was lost, we praise thy Holy Name for the bountiful Provision made in this Place, for the spiritual and temporal Wants of miserable Offenders: beseeching Thee so to dispose our Hearts by the powerful working of thy Blessed Spirit, that thro' sincere Repentance and a lively Faith, we may obtain remission of our Sins, and all the precious promises of thy Gospel. Awake those, who have not yet a due Sense of their Guilt: and perfect a godly Sorrow, where it is begun. Renew in us whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the Devil, or by our carnal Will and Frailness: Preserve us, after escaping the Pollutions of the World, from being again entangled therein; and keep us in a State of constant Watchfulness and Humility. Forgive, as we do from our Hearts, those who have injured us: and grant to all, who have seduced others, or have been seduced themselves into wickedness, that they may forsake the evil of their doings, and live. Make this House a Blessing, we pray Thee, to the Souls and Bodies of all its inhabitants; and a glorious Monument of thy Grace, abounding to the chief of Sinners, Strengthen the Hands, direct the Counsels, reward the Labours and the Liberality, of all who are engaged in the Government or Support of it: and increase the number of those, who have a Zeal for thy Glory, and compassion on the Ignorant, and on them that are out of the Way; that many may be turned from Darknes to Light, and from the power of Satan unto Thee their God, through the Merits and Mediation of JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

